

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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## A FAMOUS TIDAL BORE.

*By Norman Patterson.*

FOR a summer tour, a lengthy holiday or an ideal wedding trip, the Maritime Provinces offer superior attractions to Canadians living farther west than the Lower St. Lawrence Valley. Prince Edward Island, with its sandy dunes, its green landscape and its cool atmosphere, is most attractive. Cape Breton is more rugged, less cultivated, and more the land of the pedestrian and the fisherman, though the Bras d'Or Lakes are alluring to all classes of wanderers. But the land about the Bay of Fundy, the land dominated by its huge tides, presents a weird attraction which is not easily excelled.

When the small boy of western Canada gets his geography lesson on eastern Canada, the teacher tells him that the Bay of Fundy has high tides. It would be just as effective, though perhaps less truthful, to tell him that the Bay of Fundy had measles or tuberculosis. He has never seen a field where the ditch runs dry and is again filled with ten feet of dirty water twice a day. He has never seen a river, out of which the water would run in four or five hours, leaving the bed of the stream exposed and the ships stranded in the mud; he has not seen that same river fill again in a few minutes, in less time than was required to empty it. He has no idea of what a tide means if he lives west of Montreal, nor has the teacher. Who ever heard of an Ontario teacher going to the Maritime Provinces to study the special geography of that region? Even most

of the great and mighty school inspectors never saw a tide. It is doubtful if even the almighty Ministers of Education in Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia ever saw that most wonderful tide in the world—the tide of Fundy. Yet they all tell the uncomplaining small boy that there are high tides at that spot on the map—"down here," as the teachers say—and the small boy remembers it until the examination time and then straightway forgets it. Perhaps some day when he is not a small boy, when he does not come in at the ding-dong of the bell, he will go down to see that wonderful sight and weep for gladness that he has been spared to see Nature in such inimitable majesty.

Standing on a pile of bricks on the rickety docks of the town of Moncton, I watched a small vessel unloading molasses from the West Indies. The vessel's hull was visible to the keel resting in the gravel mud of the Petitcodiac River. The muddy stretches, that had a few hours before been a river of thirty feet in depth, lay at my feet. Beyond were the fertile fields of the Petitcodiac valley. But my gaze was riveted on this waterless river.

Fundy, the huge, the mighty, was filling, drinking in the tide from the sea; and I was assured that when she sucked in seventy feet of sea water between her high rocky banks, filled the harbours of Digby and St. John, flowed up past Blomidon and the Land of Evangeline, filled the great bays running in to Truro and Amherst, then

she would feed the last great stream which owns her sway. I believed the story and trusted that Fundy would again do what she had done twice a day for unnumbered centuries.

In faith I waited. And suddenly there was a slight roar away down the river. Round the bend, a half mile away, came a rushing body of water. And as it swept about the curve, the banks and the bed held the lower stratum back until the upper waters formed a wall four feet high—a muddy wave with a sparkling crest. It came closer. It was opposite the dock. It had passed. It was rushing away up the river bed to die away twenty miles to the north-east. The accompanying picture shows what the writer saw—the most impressive mystery in the Maritime Provinces.

It is considered great sport by the dwellers along the shore to launch a boat upon the tide which follows upon the wake of the "Bore" and be carried up the river without doing anything except steering, and afterwards come down on the ebb. The force of the "Bore" is very great. Vessels at Moncton always moor so that the wharves must completely protect them. A vessel, the stern of which protruded beyond the wharf, was torn from her moorings by the "Bore," her anchor cable was snapped, her bow smashed out, and she herself carried up under a bridge, and her masts broken to splinters—and all this in a river which a few minutes before had been nothing but glistening mud. I was told that a French-Canadian who was upset in the wake of the "Bore," and could touch bottom, nevertheless was carried five miles up the river before he could gain a firm footing. The "Bore" is most effective on a quiet, moonlight night, when its roar can be heard far down the river and its angry crest is seen glittering in the

white light. The explanation of the "Bore" seems to be that the river broadens out considerably below the bend, and that when the swift tide is contracted between the narrow shores of the bend, the waters become heaped up, and with their own impetus advance like a solid wall.

Startling, indeed, are the statistics regarding the tidal rise and fall of the Bay of Fundy. At Grand Manan the tidal rise and fall is from twelve to fifteen feet; as you go up the bay it increases. At Lubec and Eastport it reaches twenty feet; at St. John from twenty-four to thirty feet, while at Moncton, where the "Bore" rushes around the bend of the Petitcodiac River, the tide must have risen seventy feet above sea level in order to reach that point on the river, let alone to expend its last gathering energy in a wave which sweeps up the river from shore to shore. Another indication of the vastness of the Fundy tides is seen in the Cobequid River, on the Nova Scotian shore, where there is a distance of twelve miles between high and low water mark, so that it is possible to run vessels far up this river on the flood, leave them high and dry between tides, and repair them as if in dry dock.

The tides of Fundy and the "Bore" at Moncton are worth seeing and studying. The I.C.R., the People's Railway, has drawn attention to these points, but the people themselves find that tides and bores have become too common to be even noticeable. Nevertheless, the visitor will not find it so. Whether he be travelling by the Canadian Pacific to Prince Edward Island via Point Du Chêne, which is nineteen miles from Moncton, or by the Intercolonial to Halifax or Sydney, the traveller will find it worth his while to stop over for a few hours at Moncton to see the "Bore."





ONE OF THE FIRST CANADIAN RAILWAY TRAINS

Photographed from an original scrip of the C. & St. L. Road, in the possession of Mr. Alexander Manson, of Lachine. This engraving was made in 1837. There are two other engravings in existence of these first trains, with slight differences in the details.

## PASSENGER CARRIAGES PAST AND PRESENT.

*By W. D. McBride.*

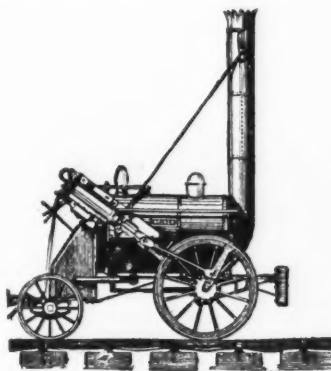
**I**N July last, it was sixty-five years since the first railroad in Canada was opened.

However, this statement, taken by itself, is apt to be misleading to those who know our railways only as they now exist. People are so accustomed to travel at present with a degree of safety, comfort and luxury that princes of the blood could not command a hundred years ago, or less, that it is almost impossible for them to form a proper conception of the conditions of travel that existed in the days of their fathers. This railway was a "one-horse affair," literally, at least it was a horse railway, and the trains were not as speedy, commodious and comfortable as those which now ply on our suburban electric roads.

It was not until the eventful year 1837 that steam traction was employed and the whistle of the locomotive engine was heard in the land. There scarcely can be any doubt but that it created a sensation when the shrill screech first was heard echoing through the country, though nowadays it causes no more than a passing thought, even in the remotest districts. One can imagine, however, that, with the

other stirring events which occupied men's minds in that year, it attracted less notice than would otherwise have been the case.

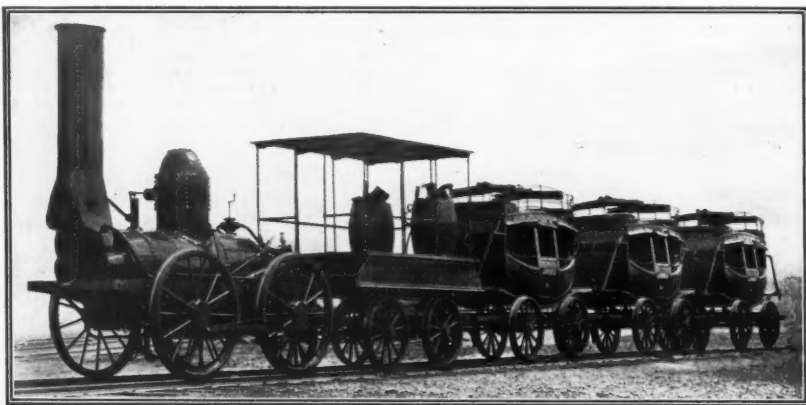
Besides this, fast steam power was not altogether a novelty in the country, for, twenty-eight years before, on the 3rd of November, 1809, the first steamer in Canada had made the voyage from Montreal to Quebec in the then remarkable time of sixty-six hours. This steamer which was known as the



THE "ROCKET"—(1829)

*Accommodation*, was built by the late John Molson, and was the second to be constructed in America, the first being Fulton's little steamer, which navigated the Hudson. The *Quebec Mercury*, in giving the news of the *Accommodation's* arrival in Quebec, remarks: "This is the first vessel of the kind that ever appeared in this harbour. She is continually crowded with visitants. . . . She has, at present, berths for twenty passengers, which, next year, will be considerably augmented. No wind or tide can stop her. She has seventy-five feet keel and eighty feet on deck."

£50,000. It is worthy of being noted that, neither in adopting steam navigation nor railroads, was Canada very far behind the rest of the world. It was not until the year 1830, when Stephenson's locomotive, "Rocket," successfully underwent a test of thirty miles per hour on the London and Manchester Railroad, that the success of the locomotive was generally admitted. In the year following the "De Witt-Clinton" gave a similar demonstration of the capacity of steam traction on what is now a part of the New York Central Railway, and in this year the initial steps were taken to-



THE DEWITT-CLINTON AND COACHES

Being the first train run on the New York Central in 1831. Steam engines for locomotive purposes were introduced in New York State six years before their introduction into Canada. This train has been preserved and was on exhibition at Buffalo last year.

Place this vessel alongside the Allan's magnificent steamship *Tunisian*, or even the lake palace steamer *Toronto*, and one has an illustration of the contrast between the first train which ran in Canada and any of our modern express trains.

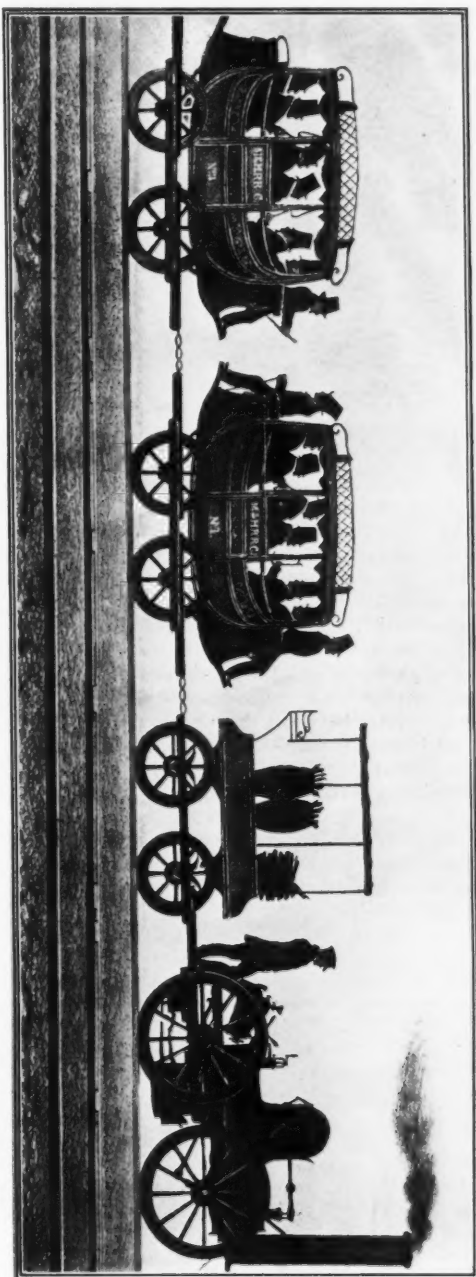
Canada's first railroad was known as the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad, and ran from Laprairie, almost opposite Montreal, to St. John's, on the Richelieu river, the navigable outlet of the waters of Lake Champlain. The distance was sixteen miles, and the capital of the company was

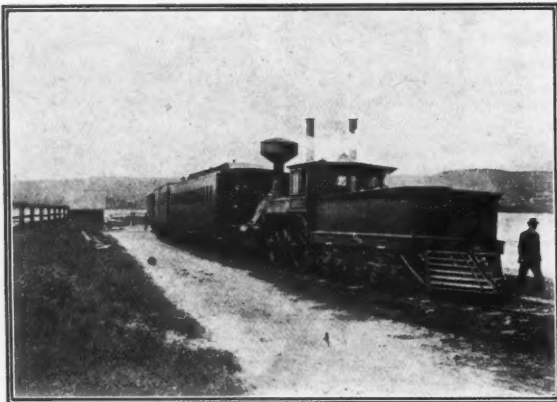
ward the construction of the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad, which was completed five years later, and opened, as before stated, by steam power in 1837. In the meantime railway schemes were being promoted in Upper Canada. A charter was granted for a railway from Cobourg to a point on Rice Lake, in 1834, and in the same year one was given to the London and Gore Railway, the legislative beginning of the Great Western road. In 1839, a railway was opened from Queenston to Chippewa, the motive power being horses, which was known



as the Erie and Ontario Railway. The first move westward from Montreal was made in 1847, when the Montreal and New York Railway was built to Lachine, a distance of eight miles. The remainder of the road from Caughnawaga, opposite Lachine, to the American line, about thirty miles, thus making connection with the American roads, was not completed until 1852. The trains were transported across the river on a powerful steamer, with a track on its deck, and an old chronicle remarks:—"It is the only steam ferry in the province of Quebec which is open every day in the year." The St. Lawrence and Atlantic, which was chartered in 1845, connected at the boundary with the Atlantic and St. Lawrence, and subsequently became the Grand Trunk's Portland line. Its terminus was at Longueuil at first, but later the trains were ferried across to Montreal. The Champlain and St. Lawrence was extended from St. John's to Rouse's Point in 1852, and a branch was built to St. Lambert, from which point a ferry also carried the trains across to Montreal, but in winter time they crossed over on

THE FIRST AMERICAN RAILWAY TRAIN—THE DEWITT-CLINTON AND COACHES  
 This interesting old lithograph was copyrighted in Canada and the United States in 1865. It is said to have been executed in 1832 on black paper with a pair of scissors by a Mr. Brown, of Pennsylvania. The original of the picture is in the possession of the Connecticut Historical Society. The locomotive was named "John Bull," and had been brought from Liverpool. It was valued at \$3,763.32; or with duties, freight and extra wheels cost \$5,855.63. The Mohawk and Hudson R. R. was the first part of the N.Y. Central.





A PRIMITIVE TRAIN

Still running on the Carillon and Grenville Railway. This engine was built about fifty years ago.

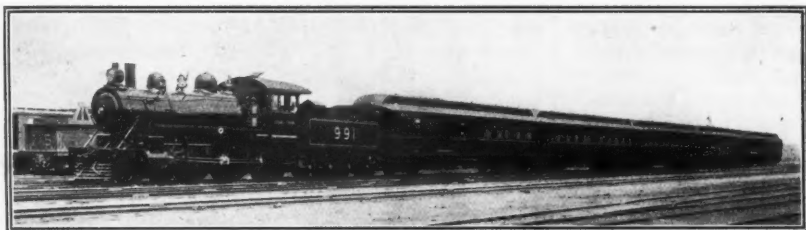
the ice. Part of the old ferry wharf is still to be seen on the St. Lambert shore. The locomotive whistle was first heard in Ontario on June 13th, 1853, when the Northern Railway was opened from Toronto to Bradford. Yet by 1860, over three hundred locomotives were thundering and screeching through the country between the Ottawa river and Lake Huron. About a dozen railway charters were granted by the two provinces between 1832 and 1845, and thirty by 1856. Those were halcyon days for the railway promoter, and there was no R. L. Richardson then to advocate nationalization of the iron highways.

As to the Grand Trunk, it is sufficient here to say that it was open from

at any length the history of Canadian railways. The average citizen thinks more of the comfort, and luxury even, which a railway carriage provides him in travelling, than he does of the history of railway construction in his country, or even of the mechanism of the giant engine which carries him along at the rate of sixty miles per hour, so smoothly that he may loll back on soft, springy cushions, and read with as much comfort almost as if ensconced in his own library chair. To him it is a mere matter of course, no source of wonder whatever—such is the force of custom—that he may step aboard a train at night, say, in Montreal, enjoy a smoke or a chat with friends, then stretch his limbs between

Chaudiere Junction, and also the province line, through Montreal to Stratford in 1856, and the year the Canadian Pacific was to have been completed, 1890, a train bearing the first mail for London from China and Japan thundered into Windsor depot ahead of time.

These were the humble beginnings of our great and wide-spreading system of railways.

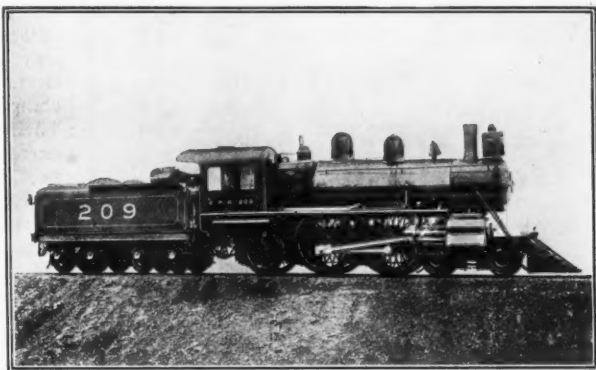


A MODERN TRAIN

The Grand Trunk International Limited from Portland to Chicago via Montreal and Toronto.

snowy-white sheets on a springy bed, and arise to partake of breakfast in Toronto, Quebec, Boston, Portland, New York, or to walk into a well-appointed dining car and enjoy his breakfast with the morning paper by his plate, while his train speeds on to some destination farther afield. This is so much a part of the daily routine that he never spares a thought to the wonder of it. Yet he has reason to thank his lucky stars that he did not have to travel in the "good old times" of which our fathers boast.

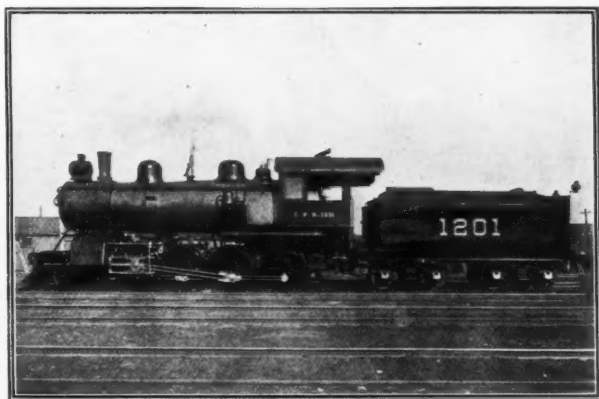
Let the reader who peruses his CANADIAN MAGAZINE on the train gaze about on the comfort and artistic embellishment of his environment, and try to imagine himself transported to one of the trains of the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad, depicted at the beginning of this article, and he will realize then the progress that has been made in car building since railroads were first introduced in Canada. The engine would look like a pigmy alongside of the powerful, compound locomotive which is dragging the train in which he is riding. The engineer has no shelter whatever, and a large cask is provided for storing water for the locomotive's consumption. Just where the fuel is stored



A MODERN PASSENGER LOCOMOTIVE

Built by the C.P.R. at Montreal. Note two large driving wheels, double cylinders, and general compactness.

is not apparent at a casual glance, but it is understood that a supply was carried in the forward car. In the picture of the train at the upper part of the page is seen a flat car loaded with bales of what appears to be cotton. A railway man to whom I showed this picture assured me that in those days the law required the railroads to carry a car thus loaded with cotton bales between the locomotive and the passenger coaches to protect the passengers in case the boiler



A MODERN FREIGHT ENGINE

Note four small driving wheels, great weight and length.



A MONSTER ENGINE

Latest type of the Grand Trunk. Built in Montreal.

should explode. I have not ascertained whether in making this statement he was as truthful or as humorous as railway men proverbially are. In any case it is a cheerful reminiscence of the dangers of railway travel in "the good old days." The passenger coaches were of the English type, and were, no doubt, in interior appearance and appointment not unlike the old one-horse cars which used to run on Toronto's streets, except that the seats ran crosswise of the car. To this day a Canadian viewing a train of English passenger coaches, for the first time, is irresistibly reminded of the old horse street cars. With all his inventiveness, man finds it difficult, well-nigh impossible in fact, to conceive a new type of any of the things that he makes. He can only evolve it by degrees. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that in general contour these railway carriages bear a striking resemblance to the old stage coaches. The English style of railroad carriage was not, however, used for long on the Canadian railways. In this respect Canada was influenced by the example of the United States, and the American car was adopted as well as the standard gauge, though nearly all our early railways at first used the English carriages and the

broad gauge. The latter still survives on one railway, and was used on the Great Western until a comparatively recent date. There are still one or two narrow gauge roads. The rails at first used on the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railway were what is known as strap rails, and the trucks of the cars, it will be observed, are very light and flimsy compared with those now in use. The train in the centre of the picture is a "goods train," and presents a striking contrast to the modern freight trains of fifty or more cars, which one sees passing over our railroads.

Interesting as is this picture in illustrating the wonderful development of railway car construction, it is, perhaps, more so as throwing light on the fiscal conditions in those days. Money was scarce, and by its charter, which was granted in 1831, the Champlain & St. Lawrence Railroad was given power to issue scrip. This was used in paying the employees and discharging other liabilities. Nowadays sevenpence ha'penny would seem a ridiculously small sum for which to issue a note. The scrip, a photograph of which is given in this article, is in the possession of Mr. Alexander Manson, of Lachine. It will be noticed that it is unsigned, and, therefore, had not come into circulation.

If there be persons who remember the opening of Canada's first railway, I have not been able to ascertain their whereabouts. In any case it is most probable that their recollection would be vague, misty and unreliable. However, one can realize to-day for oneself what a railway train was like forty or more years ago by making the journey from Carillon to Grenville, on the Carillon and Grenville Railway. In order to do this it is necessary to take a trip on the Ottawa River Navigation Company's steamers,

either from Ottawa or Montreal.

As to the intermediate periods of ten, twenty or thirty years persons who have travelled much on the little used branch lines of our chief railways have a realizing sense of the fact that they do build better railway cars now than formerly was the case.

The Ottawa river trip in itself will well reward the pilgrim. The hours of a glorious summer day glide swiftly by when afloat on this picturesque yet least famous, though undeservedly so, of Canada's magnificent rivers.

Parliament Hill and its dominating towers fade from sight as one leaves Ottawa, but on one shore the purple-crowned Laurentides beckon invitingly, while on the other smiles a verdant expanse of pastoral country.

The water under the paddle wheels boils up foam-capped and gold brown and translucent amber below, for this is the black water of the North; and the little waves thus created creep inshore, race up on the sands and plash softly under the overhanging willows. Glorified shores and tiny islets are reflected in the gleaming, glassy surface of the river stretching on ahead like a moire ribbon.

The voice of Nature is soft and wooing in summer's full glory upon the waters.

Man and his handiwork fall naturally into second place, and strike no discordant note in the symphony. The steamer runs placidly into a wharf placed on the point of a headland. Perchance the solitary man awaiting it is a carrier of His Majesty's mails, and, mayhap, several country lasses bound for another spot equally quiet and uneventful, or to the busy city. Nature has set its mark of decay most likely on the timbers of the pier, and beyond, gleaming white with limestone dust, the road winds through the trees to where the sun glistens on the spire of the church, the centre of the village world. The bustle and roar of the city seems afar off, and Nature's silent yet eloquent peace broods over the Ottawa.

At Grenville the steamer glides quietly into her dock alongside the canal. Outside the canal pierhead the river's ripples betray impatient haste, and a few miles below it plunges gaily over the rapids. At Grenville a train is waiting, the fame of which has reached my ears, and to see which is the object

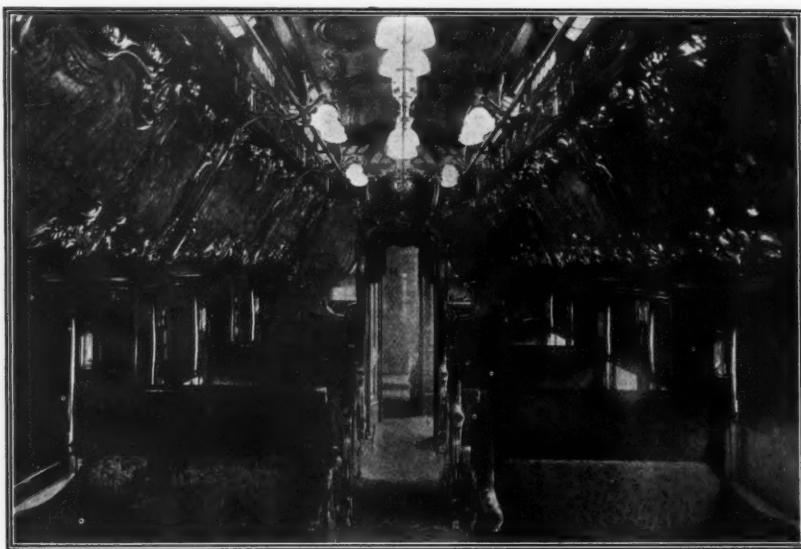


A MODERN DINING-CAR--C.P.R.



of my journey. It carried me back quite a few years now to my first railway journey as a boy not yet in my teens, from Toronto to Owen Sound, on the "old narrow gauge," the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway. Twelve long mortal hours it took to perform the hundred and odd miles, and at the Horseshoe curve in the Caledon Hills, some adventuresome men—so I considered them then—walked across the short cut and gathered apples in an orchard, boarding the train on the other side.

as I surveyed the one awaiting us at Grenville. It was a living epitome of the railways of our fathers, fifty or more years ago. Then this was as other railways in Canada, but isolated from them entirely it has felt none of the changes and reforms which have marked the evolution of trains in Canada from jolting, comfortless carriages to palaces on wheels. This railway runs from nowhere to nowhere, and has no junction points. Its termini are Cape Content and Harbour of Rest. Its rails are five feet six inches



A MODERN SLEEPING CAR AS IT APPEARS IN DAY-TIME

It was a long jump from the platform of one car to another, a feat which I was proud of performing, and as there was no buffers, the passengers were given an unmerciful jolt when the train started suddenly. Well, no! it never did start suddenly, but when it started at all. I remember speculating on how long the thin, scrawny neck of an attenuated old lady sitting opposite me would stand the strain of those jerks, and laid bets with myself that her head would fly off at the next jerk. It was of this train that I thought

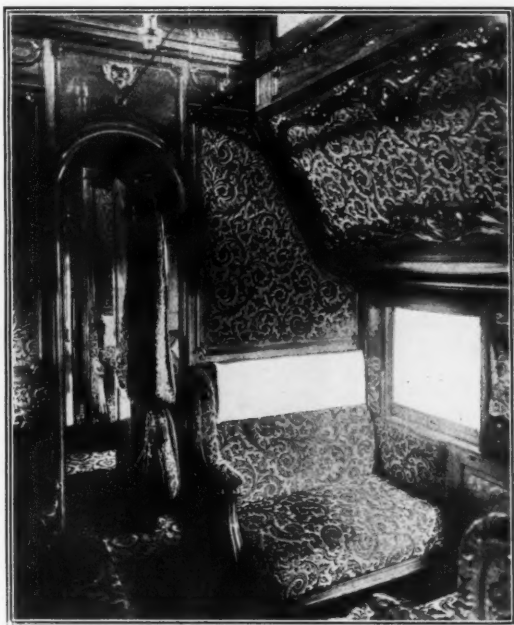
apart, and the grass grows up unmolested between them. The train consists of two cars and an engine. "Carmichael & Brown, Makers, Montreal," is the inscription on the doors of the cars. The firm name is not even a legend to the present generation of Montrealers, but that they did their work well it still remains to testify. The engine is of the old wood-burning type, which was the wonder of our fathers, and half a century has not passed since then. Its name is the "Carillon," and Mr. R. W. Shepherd, the

managing director, informs me that it was built in Birkenhead, Eng., for the Grand Trunk, and purchased by the present owners when the gauge of the Grand Trunk was changed to the standard. The cars used were in vogue in 1860. The railway was ambitious in its early days, but it overcame the obstacle to the navigation of the Ottawa, and never had energy sufficient to execute its other schemes. It was given a charter in 1856, under the title of "an act to provide for and encourage the construction of a railway from Lake Huron to Quebec." And it runs from Carillon to Grenville! Thus do great railway schemes come to nought! It still possesses all its powers, however, among which is the right to build a railway from Bytown to Lachine, or Pointe Claire, thus connecting with the great railway systems. It was acquired by the Ottawa River Company in 1865, as an adjunct to their steamers, and is actually dormant for seven months in the year, when the steamers are not running.

I stepped into the smoker, and sat down by the window, a square of glass about two and one half by two feet. The smoker was a little box about seven feet by ten. The seats were about eighteen inches wide with a board of a few more inches forming the back. Once upon a time, it was evident, the second class passengers had to sit on these hard boards, but now they were covered with a carpet which was strongly reminiscent of the old Turkey carpet bags. These seats stiffly faced each other in pairs. The walls were made of tongued and grooved boards running longitudinally, and the roof was similarly built. The car ahead, the first class, was constructed on similar lines

except that the seats were built on modern principles and the cushions covered with red plush.

Once every day, on the arrival of the Montreal boat, the train pulls out of Carillon and runs up to Grenville, and then returns with the passengers from the Ottawa boat to Carillon. Then it takes until the next day to recuperate. It takes something under an hour to perform the journey one way, and one does not wish to have the time cut



A LUXURIOUS CORNER IN A COMPARTMENT CAR

down. Through shady woods it passes, with the ashes and maples forming pleasing vistas, past giant graceful elms in the pastures, meadows starred with daisies, waving fields of grain or maize, a hollow with purple loosestrife rioting on the banks and yellow water lilies floating on the pool, and around the curves fascinating glimpses of tree-embowered houses. Then into the village at the foot of the rapids with gardens filled with the

good old-fashioned flowers, flaunting hollyhock and larkspur, and morning glories creeping over the porches of the houses, and the train pulls up alongside the steamer to run once more the gauntlet of curious eyes and cameras.

It is with regret that one realizes that it is over—the trip on the quaintest railway in Canada. Still one would prefer a modern Pullman in making the journey from Toronto to Montreal, for instance.

The sleeping car, or Pullman, has only been in use in Canada for about thirty years. Previous to that the passenger on a night train had to

and more elaborately and artistically finished, but in other respects they do not differ essentially from the first sleeping cars built in Canada. On the eastern runs of the Grand Trunk, however, the company has refrained from increasing the height of the cars owing to the number of tunnels in the mountains.

In this connection it may not be amiss to mention that the chief obstacle to the adoption of our style of car in England is the numerous tunnels which are found on the British railways, and which would have to be enlarged at enormous expense before cars such as are commonly used here could be utilized.



A C.P.R. OBSERVATION CAR—USED THROUGH THE ROCKIES IN SUMMER

make himself as comfortable as he could—Oh the pity of it when the passenger was a woman—in the ordinary seats, though on some of the cars provision was made for pulling out the two seats facing each other, thus furnishing a rude berth. The first Pullmans were built in the Grand Trunk shops at Point St. Charles in the years 1871, 1872 and 1873. It is interesting to note that in principle they did not differ from those now in use on all American railways. The difference that exists is in elaboration of detail, in artistic embellishment and in attention to small things rather than in the general outline. The cars are larger, loftier

These first Pullmans had upper and lower berths constructed on the same principles which now govern on sleeping cars. The upper berth was hinged to the side of the car in the same way, but the brackets on which the curtains were hung were independent of the berth. Nowadays the curtains and curtain rods practically form part of the upper berth, and are not in evidence when the car is used as a day car. A point in which there has been a remarkable improvement is in the lighting. Electric lights are commonly used at present, though "Pintsch" gas is more generally utilized. Even when oil lamps are the luminants, their num

ber and power are such that one finds it possible to read with comfort in any portion of the car. In the first sleeping cars there was only the one oil lamp suspended from the ceiling, and a passenger of the present day would consider them dark and gloomy. To overcome this defect, a small oil lamp was placed in a recess between the windows of the car, and this was covered by a mirror. If the passenger wished to read, he could slide this mirror up, like a window, and light the lamp. Even then one found it necessary to hold one's book close to the lamp in order to read. The passengers in the second and first class carriages had no such convenience, and had to pass the night in a gloom that oppressed their spirits.

The Pullman cars of those days were only about forty feet long, and being also very low, they would appear squat, dingy-looking structures if placed alongside modern palaces on wheels, which are seventy-one feet long, or seventy-eight with the vestibules. These, by the way, are conveniences which were unknown to our fathers. Steam heat has done much also to mitigate the discomforts of travelling since one had the choice of roasting by the stove in the corner or freezing by the frost-covered windows, which were not double nor equipped with blinds.

It is, perhaps, in the first and second class cars, however, that the improvements in car building are most noticeable, and if one is privileged to visit the shops of one of our great railways this fact will be borne in on one's mind. I had the pleasure of making such a visit not long since under the guidance of a gentleman who has spent nearly half a century in car building. "Formerly," he said, "we built freight cars to carry ten tons, and a few days ago we turned out a set of cars capable of carrying 40 tons. We have just finished equipping about 500 freight cars with automatic couplers, instead of the old pin and link couplers." By this means the casualty column in the newspapers in places where freight yards

exist will be robbed of many disgusting details.

Sleeping cars, he said, which were formerly only forty feet long were now being built nearly eighty feet long, and they could make them almost any length they wished. In a Pullman car, which had been built only five years ago, he pointed out that the beam which runs the length of the car over the trucks was of iron. Now they build them of steel.

This is only one isolated fact which is typical of a hundred others illustrating the progress in this important domain of railway work.

In these shops one sees specimens of all the periods almost from the battered old-timer undergoing repairs in hospital to the latest product of the handicraftsmen. In the old-time second-class cars, the unfortunate passengers sat on bare boards, and the road-bed was not so smooth, nor were springs so perfect as now. The first-class cars were cushioned, but not so well nor so artistically as is now the case. Standing near to each other I found three typical cars. One was a low-ceiled, small-windowed old wreck, with the plain boards of its exterior a dirty brown, like a weather-beaten barn. Interiorly it consisted of one room, almost as dreary-looking, with low-backed narrow seats, the cushions of which were little better than strips of carpet, and there were two dingy-looking oil lamps suspended from the ceiling to light it withal. Thirty years ago it had been first-class, in name at least. Alongside it stood a car of somewhat better type, which was being converted into a second-class. The floor was of hardwood; in one end was being fitted up a neat smoking room, the walls of oak, as were also those of the washroom in the other end, in which was being placed marble washstands, and the seats, while not so high-backed and as deeply cushioned, were of the same design as those used in the first-class cars on express trains. On the same track stood a new second-class car, the smartly varnished olive green sides of which mirrored the

features of passers-by, and the delicately tinted, yet warm, interior of which gave one a homelike feeling. The first-class cars now turned out of the shops are in every respect as comfortable and as æsthetic in design as the parlor cars of even ten years ago.

Railway car building has pressed Art into its service. Cunning carvers in wood and mixers of colours find here a scope for their genius that would formerly have found expression in the adornment of churches or the bedecking of palaces. The most artistic taste in upholstering and draping is demanded. Our railway companies scatter wealth lavishly to provide comfort for the body and gratification to the artistic perceptions of the traveller. A large staff of artists is required to provide the designs for the various portions of passenger cars. The carriages are, generally, built in lots of ten, and new designs in colour effect, ornamentation and arrangement are, as a rule, utilized for each set. Of course, the chief express trains, such as the International Limited on the Grand Trunk and the Imperial Limited on the Canadian Pacific, are made to harmonize throughout. The Canadian Pacific, having entered the field later in the day and being thus unencumbered by valuable but old-fashioned rolling

stock, has been enabled to distance some of its older rivals in the uniformity of the gorgeous beauty of its trains, but on any railway in Canada plain citizen John Smith may travel to-day in greater comfort, luxury and splendour, as to his train, than was possible for King Edward VII. when he visited this fair land of ours. This Company has also introduced on its long transcontinental runs a new style of car, the tourist, which is, in effect, a second-class Pullman without any extra charge or fees to porters to pay.

The late lamented George Warrington Steevens when he was writing his "Land of the Dollar" for the *Daily Mail*, made a short incursion into Canada, in the far West, and was struck with the design of the Pullman, especially the wide arch in the centre of the car, and the motto carved on the door *Tuum est*. "Then I knew I was in Canada," he exclaims. "The idea of saying that to an American." I have endeavoured to suggest some features of the progress made in provision for the wayfarer since stage coaches propelled by steam first ran in Canada; and the beautiful specimens of the car builder's art, herewith illustrated, and the companies, their owners, say to the people of the world: "If you have the money *Tuum est*."



A COPPER COIN USED AS A RAILWAY TICKET ON THE FIRST RAILWAY IN CANADA. BY KINDNESS OF ALEXANDER MANSON, LACHINE



## The Religious Development of Canada

By HON. J. W. LONGLEY

Attorney-General of Nova Scotia

IF by religious development was meant the growth of ecclesiasticism, it would be very easy to measure the progress of the last century. Statistics could be obtained giving the adherents of each denomination of religious belief; the number of churches and the amount of money expended in church edifices and in salaries to bishops, priests and pastors; the amount raised for benevolent and missionary purposes, and especially that devoted toward sending the gospel to heathen lands. These figures would show marked progress and, having relation to the total population and developed wealth of the country at the beginning of the nineteenth century, would indicate that progress in religious development has kept pace with its material growth.

It is not quite clear that such an aspect of religious growth would represent what is meant in its true and far-reaching sense by the term "religion." It is not going very far to say that the characteristic of the nineteenth century, and especially the latter part of it, is overshadowing materialism. It has been essentially an age of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, electric lights, steamships, cities, factories, large houses, indeed, everything that could minister to the physical comfort of the race—all good things in themselves, but, viewed from the highest standpoint, intrinsically important only in so far as they contribute toward the development of the higher mental, moral and spiritual qualities of the race. Is it not possible that even the churches have caught the materialistic character of the age and that church progress has been very largely a progress in buildings, in stained glass, in

endowments, larger salaries and other things, which, while evidence of progress in one direction, are but scant tokens of progress in the direction of true spiritual life?

What, then, is religion? On the supposition that the human soul is immortal, and that a life exists beyond the grave, subject in all ways to the will and disposition of a supreme and almighty power, religion marks the relationship which exists and should be recognized between this finite man and an infinite and supreme being. As the belief of mankind has been almost universal in another and immortal existence in which God constitutes the central thought, this relationship between man and God has always interested mortals of every clime and country, and men, groping as best they can for light, have formed theories and worked out suggestions and problems as to how man could best put himself in touch with God. These theories have been crude enough in early days, and, perhaps, are tinged with crudeness until the present, but they have constituted, such as they are, the world's religion, and each nation and each people has had an unconquerable tendency to cling to some system of theology, which has owed its birth to the teaching and inspiration of some great religious teacher. Religions have been designated true and false, but in reality no aggregation of wisdom now exists in the world that can undertake with absolute certainty to say what is true and what is false. That poor finite man should grope, blindly perhaps, after knowledge of God and an appreciation of what would please Him, is proof of the existence of a religious instinct in mankind, and this groping,

even though surrounded by false and preposterous conceptions, is itself a token of religious faith, which could not fail to have its influence, indeed, a marked and far-reaching influence, upon human character and destiny.

With all the differences in theory, forms and substance of various religious beliefs since the period of authentic history, nearly all religions that have taken any hold of mankind have associated justice, benevolence and love with the Almighty, and His favour is to be obtained by the practice of the high qualities which constitute the essence of His character and being. Stripped, then, of all superstitions and misconceptions, the tendency of religion has always been to lead men in the direction of virtue and purity of life. No man, possessed of the belief that there exists a supreme being who holds his destiny in the hollow of His hand, whose character is goodness and love, and who can be only pleased by the exercise of goodness and love, can fail, even in the midst of his frailties and weaknesses, to be insensibly influenced toward a higher life by that belief.

In Canada the universal religion is the Christian, and although in its ecclesiastical developments there is infinite variety of faith, yet no substantial difference exists in regard to the essence of the teachings of the great founder of the religion. Jesus Christ believed, and His doctrine was, that love, which means self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness, is the only true ideal of life and the only means by which the kingdom of heaven can be opened to mortals.

These few abstract sentences have been introduced in order to draw attention to what true religion is and what its requirements are in order that we may get some test, if possible, to mark the progress, not in ecclesiasticism, but in religious growth, in Canada. The most ardent churchman would scarcely dissent from the proposition that a nation might build churches innumerable, adorn them with stained glass and all the accessories of pro-

fusion and beauty, and fill them with adherents who listened to mellifluous words from brilliant and gifted preachers, and yet there might be an utter lack of anything like true religious life in the state. It would undoubtedly be a token of religious life, and it is but fair to say that zeal in church work has usually been the index to the actual religious development of the country, but it constitutes no fixed and inexorable test.

True religion calls for self-forgetfulness, a desire to seek the welfare of others and a minimizing of the value of purely material things and an exaltation of those things which relate to the immortal soul. Few of these characteristics are apparent in the last days of the nineteenth century. Scarcely a period can be named in the history of the world, since the Sermon on the Mount was first proclaimed, when a more aggressive spirit of self-seeking existed than at this present moment, when men in the aggregate were rushing with greater pace toward the accumulation of wealth, the achievement of power and the promotion of personal aims. There has never been a time when the things which relate to this poor earth were more overshadowingly regarded and when less attention was given in the aggregate to considerations touching the immortal soul. At the end of the century it must be conceded that benevolent work is more systematized and universally adopted, but even this is very largely directed toward the comfort of the body, not unimportant, but significant as shewing the tendency of the age. In respect of true, devout piety, it is extremely doubtful if the Canadian people have made any progress since the beginning of the century. Indeed, making allowances for difference in number and power, and for the difference in intellectual expansion, it is tolerably certain that more individual regard for religious things, a less preponderating regard for things purely of a worldly character, existed in the first than in the last days of the nineteenth century. Some allowance must be made, in

marking the existing conditions, for the marvellous development of scientific knowledge during the latter part of this century. The foundations of belief may not have been uprooted by the teachings of such men as Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Lyall, Andrew D. White, Dr. Draper and others, but they have been enormously disturbed, and as, one by one, the solemn teachings of great ecclesiastical bodies have been shewn to be absolutely false and preposterous, lack of confidence in pure theological teachings has come to take possession of an enormous proportion of the intelligent and cultivated men of the day, and it has penetrated to the ranks of the apostles of religion itself. Men who think broadly and freely are to be found, not only in the churches, but in the pulpits of the churches at the present day. The effect of this has been not only to broaden religious ideas, to give greater latitude to dissenting views, and greater freedom of thought generally, but its inevitable tendency has been in the direction of weakening the power of the church as an institution in its control over mankind generally. Of course, the church, or the churches, have great influence and constitute the centre of the religious life of the country, but the power of dogma, as such, has been insensibly waning for a generation, and now multitudes of excellent people with cultivated minds have reached the conclusion that a man may worship his God without uttering any creed or without seeing the inner walls of any church edifice.

In this respect Canada is not any more advanced than the rest of the enlightened world; indeed, perhaps there are few places in the civilized world where ecclesiastical influences are stronger and have a more permanent hold of the people. In forming an estimate of the religious character of the country, regard must be had to a large section of the population who early received their inspirations from France at a time when great zeal in religious propaganda prevailed. New France was founded on religion.

While the great King was establishing a colony for the glory of France on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the avowed and supreme idea was that the gospel should be propagated in new lands, and hand in hand with the Governors and military commanders went the priests and the nuns, and the Jesuits exercised an enormous influence in giving tone and type to the life of New France. It is somewhat curious to note how the religious impulses which were so sedulously planted in Canada by France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have survived to this day, while the motherland itself, as a nation, has almost repudiated ecclesiasticism and developed into a nation of free-thinkers. The Republican Government of France is no longer based upon a recognition of the Roman Church. It is a nation composed of men who think and speak with great freedom, and perhaps often with flippancy, of the church itself, its dignitaries and spiritual guides. Nevertheless, the connection between the Province of Quebec and France is still close. Bright young men in the Province of Quebec are sent to France to complete their education, and most men in public positions and men of wealth are accustomed to visit France and make Paris the Mecca of their travels abroad. It may be safely assumed, therefore, that in time the influence of French freedom of thought and emancipation from ecclesiastical domination will have its leaven planted in Canada to work its modifying effects in respect of the vast system of ecclesiastical authority which has been characteristic of that Province since its foundation, and especially during the last century under British rule. Under the legislation of 1791, based upon the original treaty after the conquest, the language, laws and religion of the French people were guaranteed by Imperial enactment. As a consequence the preservation of the church has come to be regarded in Quebec as a political right, and this has ministered in no small degree to upholding its power and supremacy. It seems, to-

day, to have supreme control over the people, but in an age of such widely diffused light and knowledge, and with ready means of access to all the thought and mental activity of the day, no one can safely predict the moment when it will be found that a large class of men indifferent to ecclesiastical influence exist, and that the power and authority of ecclesiasticism will begin to diminish in spite of all efforts, however powerful, put forth to stay it.

That the power of ecclesiasticism is bound to wane in all countries is a most palpable fact in connection with the religious life of the world. That this will mean a diminution of religious fervour in the world is not a necessary deduction. That ecclesiasticism, with all the power now at its command, has been utterly impotent this last thirty or forty years to prevent the world from being inundated with an overwhelming flood of materialism is an indication that if true religion is to once more assert itself in the world, it will be necessary to have a revival of faith under new forms and fortified by stronger and more potent influences.

At this present moment, with all the great increase in the number of churches in the country, the proportion of regular male attendants at church has not grown during the century. In Protestant churches especially there is a manifest apathy on the part of the male adult population that no one not blind can fail to observe. The priest or pastor is no longer regarded as possessing the qualities of an infallible guide, and the nineteenth century passes away with religious congregations filled with critics, who either smile with indifference at the theological utterances of the preachers or openly and unreservedly dissent *in toto*.

Another notable characteristic of the age is its disposition, fostered no doubt by the scientific activity of the last forty years, to ask troublesome questions and demand evidence—often impossible to give—of venerable dogmas. The safeguard against the progress of free thought in the past has been the

imposing of adequately severe penalties against inconvenient enquiries. In these later days the fear of ecclesiastical frowns has departed, and he who stands forth as a religious teacher realizes that he has got to give a reason for the faith he upholds, and that this reason may at any moment be called in question and found inadequate by his intellectual superiors.

Speaking in general terms, Canada may fairly be put down as a religious country. It is fashionable everywhere to worship in Canada. A denial of the basic principles of religion, namely, the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, are still calculated to impose social penalties in this country, light, indeed, as compared with one hundred years ago, but still the profound conviction of the overwhelming majority of the Canadian people is in favour of religion and that which it represents, as well as its accessories in the shape of ecclesiasticism. The spirit of free thought which has taken possession of the world has, perhaps, made less progress in Canada than in the United States or Germany, certainly less than in France. Nevertheless, there are tokens in the air of free thought and enquiry which make any wise and far-seeing votary of ecclesiasticism realize that there is danger ahead, and that the perfunctory and stereotyped method of sustaining the religious character of the nation may at any moment be found inadequate and in danger of falling into disuse. The development of such religious organizations as the Salvation Army, and the formation of societies among young men and women outside of the churches for promoting religious growth, are significant tokens that the churches must progress and expand with the age if they expect to be recognized as the pillars and foundations of religious belief and growth.

The greatest problem which confronts the age, from a religious point of view, at the opening of the twentieth century, is the crass and hideous materialism everywhere prevalent. Unless this overweening regard for the

things of the world—wealth and material comfort—is in some way checked and men brought to feel and recognize once more that to live and achieve for others is greater and better than to live and achieve for one's self; that wealth itself has no advantages which extend beyond the little cycle of years which pertain to this mortal life, whereas virtue and love pertain to an immortal life—unless, in a word, this system of steam engines is supplanted by a system of heart-beats, then it cannot be truly said, whatever may be the number of churches, the zeal of the pastors or the amount contributed for religious purposes, that the age is characterized by a spirit of true religion.

Nothing is needed so much at this moment, when the new century is being ushered in, as a revival of religion in the world, not necessarily a revival of ecclesiasticism, not necessarily a glorification of existing agencies for religious propagation, but a spirit of far-reaching apprehension by the world at large that there must be a limit to this worship of the steam engine and a return to a recognition of the beauties of holiness and the glory of self-forgetfulness.

To sum up: the beginning of the twentieth century finds Christendom tinged by the mad rush for wealth and political power which is notably characteristic of the Christian world. Frankly, while individual instances of saintliness in life and character are, thank God, still to be found, the average religious congregations can be characterized as an aggregation of men seeking wealth, power and position, and of women more or less influenced by social and other aims of a purely worldly character. It is heinous to deny any established tenet of orthodoxy, but it is not heinous to practically ignore the very essence of the teachings of the Founder of the Christian religion. That self-denial, disregard of riches, indifference to physical ease and pleasure, a complete consecration of all the powers and faculties to the service of God, is the essence of Christism can scarcely be disputed.

That the necessity of these things is as frankly ignored by the great mass of the Christian world to-day is a thing so clear and palpable that the profession of Christianity seems almost grotesque.

The forms of worship and the public method of exhibiting religious zeal has come to assume the appearance of a mechanical action, a cut-and-dried system. The development of thought in the latter part of the nineteenth century has hardly communicated itself to the religious congregations. The Westminster Confession of Faith has been able to uphold itself in spite of all efforts of broad and enlightened men to modify its somewhat dismal affirmations, and notwithstanding the enormous growth in scientific knowledge. This only serves as an example of the vast conservative power of religious creeds. They cling to the form and maintain it with all the organized power of ecclesiasticism long after the substance has decayed and vanished. The shell is maintained after the kernel has disappeared. The spirit of the Sermon on the Mount is still leavening the world in spite of the miserable aggressive jingoism which characterizes Christian nations. There is still noticeable a steady development of public opinion against war and a more sensitive regard for human suffering. Higher and better ideals of life are gradually being formed. One thing that stays the progress of true spiritual life is the huge wave of materialism which characterizes the present time.

Industrialism and Mammon are the only two gods that seem to be universally worshipped in the opening days of the twentieth century, and it is difficult for true ideals of living, love and self-sacrifice to make progress when nearly every person is busy about conquests or engines. The essence of Christ's teachings cannot be permanently affected. They contain in them the elements which must succeed or else humanity can never be uplifted, but a routine and gradgrind ecclesiasticism, coupled with a gross and overshadowing spirit of worldiness, can act



as formidable obstacles to the progress of love as a controlling factor in human lives.

The supreme need of the Christian world at the opening hours of the twentieth century is, as has been already stated, a revival of religion, that is, a revival of Christism in the world—an organized effort on the part of zealous men, who believe thoroughly in religion and regard self-consecration as greater than building cities or amassing fortunes, to devote their energies toward stemming the enormous tide of materialism and to recall men and women once more to the true ideal of life. The intrinsic value of industrial progress at this present moment, if I mistake not, is vastly overestimated. Ocean greyhounds are important as ministering to human comfort, but, if the soul is really of more importance than the body, then those things can only be of overshadowing importance to mankind which relate to his immor-

tal destiny, and these things are not lands, houses, engines or industrial progress. Without venturing upon assuming the role of prophet, I am fairly convinced that this mad rush toward industrialism which is now characteristic of the world, and the ugly and unchristian spirit of jingoism which characterizes the national life of every so-called Christian country, must soon overreach itself and lead to a reaction in favour of the simple and immortal principles of the Sermon on the Mount. When this moment comes, then, instead of this universal mad tumble after fresh inventions, new steam engines, and further developments in electricity, we shall have men and women, perhaps not in the churches, but, certainly, either in or out of them, beginning to recognize that religion with all its far-reaching requirements in the way of self-consecration, is the greatest thing about which mortals can think or talk.

#### A MOON-FLOWER.

AS I went out into the moon,  
I came upon a tale of eld;  
A simple ballad oddly spelled  
Before mine eyes; a Gothic rune:—

A maiden of the dreams of night  
Caught with cold hands a lily stem,  
And as it circled at the hem  
Of her slim garment, it shed light.

It hardly was a flower at all;  
It was a breath perhaps, or seemed  
The fragrance that an angel dreamed,  
As aftermath of Ariel's call.

It was not all a rose abloom;  
It nodded with a dreaminess,  
And half was love and half was less;  
It was an earnest in the gloom.

And as the light fed the low skies,  
It touched her fingers to a glow;  
And all her lashes, in a row,  
Were shades unto her morning eyes.

And to her lips she lifted up  
The timid flower that bound her feet;  
And hope had tintured it with sweet;  
And truth had offered it a cup.

And as she drank, the daylight broke;  
And found her drooping, as a vine;  
A ripened, nodding columbine,  
Showered o'er Love's brow, ere he awoke!

Hong Kong, China.

John Stuart Thomson.

## Some Aspects of the Imperial Problem

By PROFESSOR ADAM SHORTT  
Queen's University

THE time was when it became necessary to defend the rights and liberties of the colonies of Britain from encroachments on the part of the mother country. The time appears to be at hand, when it may be necessary to defend the rights and liberties of the mother country from encroachments on the part of the colonies.

In the interval the colonies have asserted and gradually gained the right, first, to make their own laws and determine their own policy with reference to matters of internal administration; next, to enjoy the liberty of trade with other colonies and other countries on equal terms with the people of the home country, and finally, the right to determine a policy of trade and politics independently of the interests and policy of the mother country.

This independence reached its logical culmination on the economic side, when the colonies established protective tariffs against the mother country, which, even in its most protective condition, always favoured the colonies. Politically the limit of independence has been practically reached under the new federal constitution of Australia, and only to a slightly lesser degree in the case of Canada. In legal matters, however, we are still behind Australia, in that her Supreme Court is practically a court of last appeal for all Australian cases, while ours has not such powers. Possibly, were our constitution in process of revision, we should be as insistent as the Australians in securing the right to decide our own cases.

Yet the striking feature in the development of colonial independence, is the fact that though in truth we have become almost completely emancipated

from British control, our pride and glory in the British connection have steadily increased. The people of the colonies experience that uplifting sense of importance and power which accompanies the consciousness of being connected with an Empire of great traditions, as well as of commanding position in the present. At the same time we are not galled by any formal bonds which might impede our independent development. If we come to the assistance of the mother country in war, or respond to her free trade policy by giving her goods the preference in our markets, it is of our own free will and not in virtue of formal obligations. We have always resented, frequently with unnecessary fierceness, any suggestion on the part of ill-informed Americans, that we were under obligations to furnish tribute to Britain in men or means. Yet so long as the choice rests with ourselves, the assistance is never likely to be wanting whenever serious occasion requires.

There are those, however, who seem to have so little appreciation of the immensely superior strength and international moral weight of the ties of Imperial sentiment and honour, as to desire to shackle these forces with formal bonds and obligations. Such spiritual ties are stronger and more constant than the most consecrated bonds, if breathing the air of freedom, yet are fickle and evanescent as the forms of fancy, if threatened with bolts and bars. In any case they cannot be used as mere draught cattle to drag the chariot of progress backward. Yet, under the name of the New Imperialism, the Empire is threatened once more with a disguised form of that ancient yoke from which it has

been, for a century and a half past, slowly emancipating itself. With all their varied and discordant interests the parts of the Empire are to be hung as millstones round each other's necks, giving cohesion, doubtless, and exclusiveness, but bringing mutual impediment, friction and recrimination, the most paralyzing forms of weakness. There is doubtless no ultimate danger that this backward movement will be seriously attempted, for, however abstract and disinterested may be the motives of some of its leading promoters, yet the chief practical feature of the New Imperialism is a hearty and unanimous desire on the part of each section of the Empire to prosper at the expense of the others. But, even if doomed to failure, by reason of the selfish and discordant objects which are covered by the common label of the New Imperialism, the movement is apt to discourage higher ideals. It would be unfortunate should the promising growth of cordial relations and a better understanding between the independent parts of the Empire, be chilled by the discovery that attempts are being made, under the guise of Imperial devotion, to exploit this sentiment for purely sectional interests, such, for instance, as the enriching of Canadian farmers by a tax upon the food of the British artisan, or the enforcement of an Australian Monroe Doctrine in the southern Pacific at the expense of the Empire, the central object being to secure a close preserve for Australian trade to the exclusion of the outside world, including the other portions of the Empire. It is necessary, then, to see what is really involved in this restless desire to reduce the British Imperial practice to an organized system.

The steps or stages in the development of British colonial policy are full of paradoxes. The growth of the colonial Empire has been very practical and successful, but utterly unsystematic, hardly any two parts being on quite the same footing with reference to the mother country or each other. Hence the study of the

colonial policy of Britain has furnished little attractive material to those, whether within or without the Empire, who are in quest of a thoroughly reasonable and scientific system, which might for the first time organize the apparent British chaos, or serve as a rational guide for the building up of a new colonial empire. None of the older countries has ever profited by a study of the unique success of the British colonial experiments. Spain could never rise to any higher conception of a colonial empire than that of a strongly federated union of the parts under one central control, with taxes for Imperial defence, and commercial protection against the world. In other words, she treated the colonial empire as though it were a single country. Hence, even with the earliest start and the fairest field, she utterly failed. For similar reasons, France, following in her footsteps as regards colonial policy, lost the best of her first colonial empire to her blundering, empirical neighbor across the Channel. Britain, though subscribing in a theoretically official manner to the same colonial policy, yet indulged, for the most part, in the reckless practice of letting the colonies very much take care of themselves, as regards administration. Her close connection with them lay in occupying the intervals between the periodic struggles for empire, in an inglorious but prosperous devotion to trade and commerce, instead of sagely employing the periods of peace in preparing for war. Thus at the opening of each fresh struggle Britain and her colonies were usually but poorly prepared, from a strictly military point of view. Yet, to borrow a phrase from our jingoistic friends, They had the ships, they had the men, they had the money too, and with business enterprise, which is sometimes a fair substitute for barrack-room smartness, they rapidly turned them into fighting form.

Strange as it seemed to many, the British always came out best in the end, having fool's luck as their more scientific opponents thought, but real-

ly because they had immensely greater reserve power. When the conflict was over they immediately reverted to industry and trade once more, checked only by the exhausted condition of their rivals who in their recuperative stages were but poor customers.

France, in building up another colonial empire in the nineteenth century, has simply repeated the same mistakes as caused her to lose her first and greater empire in the eighteenth century. Similar stories have to be told of all the older colonizing Powers. Yet it is among these European Powers that we find colonial systems that are really systematic, scientific, everything indeed that can commend them to those seeking for a rational system of colonial expansion. The British system alone stands apart from these symmetrical failures. It is vast, straggling, paradoxical, wayward, unorganized, but eminently successful and filled with an overflowing complexity as of Nature herself.

It is a mine of the richest experience, wherein those who have eyes to see may trace in rich variety the subtle but fascinating movements of social human nature, may find the harmonious union of contradictories, and watch the peaceful evolution of the impossible. But to minds of a military or bureaucratic turn the artificial system is so much simpler and more attractive than the natural one, that we need not wonder at the British practice being somewhat out of repute even in Britain. Still less need we wonder that when Germany, the latest European aspirant for colonial expansion, sought to discover the true principles upon which a colonial empire should be built up, she naturally adopted that which was scientific instead of that which was merely successful—the continental system instead of the British practice.

Notwithstanding the many attempts, before our own New Imperialism, to have the continental system tried in the British Empire, its introduction has been seriously attempted only once, and that was in the time of George III. The very success of the Empire in its

late colonial struggle, ending with the conquest of Canada among other things, seemed to suggest to certain minds the necessity of henceforth adopting a systematic colonial policy. Notwithstanding that the French system had so conspicuously come to grief in every quarter of the globe, it was much extolled as a theory by those who had observed that it enabled France to gain some initial successes at the opening of each struggle. Henceforth we must always be prepared for the worst, was the cry. With a blind devotion to simple and beautiful theories of Imperial federation, Imperial preferential trade, and taxation of the Empire for an Imperial defence fund, George III and his new Ministers sought to realize the continental ideal of a consolidated Empire. The movement was intended, also, to take advantage of the spontaneous outburst of loyalty and self-sacrificing devotion, which had been shown by some of the American colonies in the late great struggle with France.

In vain they were warned by Chat-ham, Burke, Fox and other statesmen of experience and insight, who knew the strong yet subtle grounds on which the unity of the Empire rested, unconsciously even to the great majority of its people. The new King and his new Ministers preferred sound reason to the strange and uncertain teachings of experience. Their intentions were honourable but their ignorance was vast, and, as nothing courts disaster more seductively than well-intentioned ignorance, the consequences were ruinously complete. While Britain seemed to the world of Imperial theorists to be courting destruction from lack of colonial organization, the British Empire flourished and expanded, nor could the most powerful coalitions break it up. It was reserved to her own Imperial theorists to destroy it by attempts to organize it and render it self-dependent and impregnable.

With fewer colonies, chastened theories, and increased wisdom, the mother country began once more to feel her way forward in colonial matters.

Theory was still frequently in evidence as a minor factor, but, henceforth, usually gave way before extremities were reached. In consequence, British colonial experience presents a series of remarkable and unexpected discoveries, which have made of her colonial policy a system of striking paradoxes. Britain really owes her present Empire to statesmen who reluctantly reached the conclusion that it were better to see the Empire peaceably break up, than to attempt by coercion to keep the colonies in the right path. These were the so-called Little Englanders. The grand Imperialists of those days were always in favour of forcing the colonies into the right path. A still grander race of Imperialists, arising in the colonies, are bent upon coercing the mother country into the right path.

However, in the earlier days the Little Englanders prevailed. Yet, strange to tell, with every relaxation of Imperial bonds the interest of the colonies in the Empire strengthened, until to-day, with practically complete emancipation from formal Imperial obligations, there is an outburst of mutual good feeling between the colonies and the mother country unparalleled since the days of Chatham, who became the first Little Englander by waiving the Imperial right of suzerainty, and permitting the American colonies to determine for themselves the amount and conditions of the assistance which they should render in the conflict with France.

Thus, in the light of both its colonial history and its present position, we have to admit the entire truth of the complaint, that the British Colonial Empire is quite unscientific and deplorably lacking in systematic organization. But then we have also to admit that the same complaint holds as regards the British Constitution, the British food supply and foreign trade generally, the British system of Imperial defence — and aggression. In fact, when we look about us more carefully, we discover that this is the characteristic difference between British institutions and those of the rest of the world.

They are very flexible and close-fitting, very natural and efficient, very well organized in detail, but very lacking in that centralized uniformity and determination in one definite direction, which is so characteristic of the systems of government and the national policies of most other countries. Hence, to the minds of those who have no patience with the endless variety and complexity, the ever-changing and readjusting processes of natural progress, the British Empire has always seemed to be merely drifting.

The New Imperialism seems particularly anxious to arrest this aimless drifting. But, beyond the general desire to take the Empire in hand and put it in a strait-jacket, little that is definite has emerged. The most aggressive proposals come from the colonies. In both Canada and Australia there is a marked development of the sense of the importance of the colonies in the Empire. This idea is in many ways perfectly reasonable and legitimate. Yet it is also capable of working much mischief, if exercised in a narrow and selfish spirit. Hitherto the colonies have had a voice only in their own affairs, but if we are henceforth to have a voice in Imperial matters beyond our own national limits, we must realize very clearly what that involves. For one thing, we can no longer look at things merely from the point of view of our own sectional interests. We must recognize that other parts of the Empire may have interests and lines of development of quite a different, and even antagonistic nature to our own, and yet that it is not necessary that we should sacrifice our interests or that they should sacrifice theirs. The recognition of this general principle of allowing each part of the Empire to adjust itself to the circumstances in which it is placed, was just the hard lesson which the statesmen of Britain found it so difficult to learn during the past century and a half. The most essential part of this lesson is the recognition of how very little is the share of control and direction which the other parts of the



Empire can safely attempt to exercise with reference to any one part, but how completely each section must be permitted to make its own mistakes, and work out its own policy. Yet these are the very truths which the Newer Imperialism seems to be forgetting in Britain, and in the colonies never to have learned. In the colonies there is simply a very natural and first-hand tendency to regard everything Imperial from the point of view of the colony in question. Thus we find among ardent colonial Imperialists, a tendency to deny to the mother country that liberty which she, after much misgiving, so generously granted to the colonies. In the language of the day, we must give the mother country plainly to understand that the colonies are the greater part of the British Empire, and that they intend to have a leading voice in the policy and administration of the Empire. Hence Britain is no longer to be permitted to exhibit that highly unpatriotic spirit of willingness to deal with other nations on the same terms as with her colonies, merely because she finds it profitable to do so. By that system she might, indeed, be making a profit out of the foreign countries by getting cheap and plentiful supplies from them. But what a selfish and unworthy policy is this, in the face of the New Imperialism, when it is open to the plainest demonstration that, by giving special preferences to her colonies by placing a tax upon her foreign trade and especially her foreign food, they might make a handsome profit out of her. It might be urged by some that to tax food is to injure the most vital feature in the whole economic and national structure. But to those who take a larger and more newly Imperialistic view of these matters, this is really one of its virtues. A tax on food would not injure any one class in Britain, it would not destroy the symmetry and proportion of the whole, and is it not capable of demonstration by the higher and purer mathematics, that what everybody loses will never be missed, or what injures everyone

injures no one? Indeed, unless Great Britain immediately gives up her free trade system, and undertakes to buy her food supplies in particular from the colonies, at whatever sacrifice to herself, the New Imperialists must entirely decline to be responsible for the consequences, which they have special reasons for knowing will be very terrible.

On the other hand, the corresponding element in Britain, in advocating a policy of closer union among the parts of the Empire revert to the eighteenth century for their ideal. They think they see in the spontaneous outburst of devotion and self-sacrifice on the part of the colonies, a willingness to adopt without question, and support with men and money, the eminently reasonable and just policy of the home country in all foreign and Imperial matters. In this respect the great self-governing colonies of to-day are held to be much more enlightened and reasonable than their predecessors of unfortunate memory. Indeed, they show infinitely more wisdom and patriotism than many of the leading people of the mother country, who, as Lord Salisbury complains, have that unfortunate British vice of having opinions of their own and insisting on expressing them. The colonies being permeated by this spirit of devotion and sweet reasonableness, the time is opportune, they urge, for calling upon them to bear part of the burden of Imperial taxation, especially for the support of the army and navy. It were a simple thing, surely, to persuade the colonies to convert their spasmodic outburst of generosity into a permanent, assessable contribution towards the expenses connected with expanding the Empire. And while we are about it, think these people, might we not take advantage of the new Imperialistic enthusiasm of the colonies to secure the enlargement of our markets, by getting them to reverse their mistaken policy of protection, at least as regards British goods. Possibly a light duty against the outside world in the line of manufactured goods, might be advis-

able for Imperial revenue. At any rate, the preliminary to anything of the kind must be free trade within the Empire, and in all cases free import for raw materials, including food.

When stripped of their specious accessories and reduced to a common denominator, the conflicting nature of the interests covered by a common name is plain enough.

Now it is perfectly reasonable that the colonies should bear a fair proportion of the expenses of maintaining a reasonably efficient navy for the protection of common interests. What the respective proportions should be must be largely left to naval experts. But, whatever the proportion, each part of the Empire should be thoroughly honest, both with itself and with the others, in making its due contribution. Jealousy and friction would be minimized, and candour and fairness promoted by each section raising its own quota in its own way. We know very well how the colonies would regard a proposition from the mother country, that the Imperial navy be supported by a duty upon manufactured goods entering all parts of the Empire, but with free trade within it. Yet this would be fairness itself compared with the Canadian proposition to tax food supplies throughout the Empire for the same purpose.

But, though there is not the slightest possibility of its being adopted, such a proposition cannot be looked upon as merely harmless. The fact that it should be seriously urged by Canadians will be certain to have a very unfortunate effect upon British public opinion, when once its true significance is realized.

We cannot ostentatiously put a dime into the Imperial defence contribution plate, while we quietly take a dollar out, without stirring unpleasant reflections in the minds of the other members of the Empire. Nor shall we mend matters much by blandly assuring our fellow contributors that what a friend gains is not lost. Let us be honest, even if our extensive agricultural industry is pauperized. If, with high

protective duties at home and free access to the largest food market in the world, our agricultural industry cannot hold its own, then let us with humble integrity place ourselves before the British taxpayer, hat in hand, and, frankly confessing that our official immigration literature is a mass of lies, intended merely to deceive the ungodly alien, let us expose our honest poverty and, pleading our poor relationship, beg from him a subsidy towards the support of our unfortunate agricultural class, and the augmentation of their numbers. In any case, nothing could be more fatal to the unity of the Empire than an attempt to import into the treatment of Imperial matters the tactics of domestic politics.

However, from another side the cry goes up, that the proposal to tax the British food supply is not so much in the interest of the colonies as of Britain herself. It is particularly desirable, the argument runs, that the Empire should be self-sustaining in the matter of food supply. Observe in what a dangerous position Britain stands at present, with the larger part of her food supply drawn from foreign countries. Does this not place her at the mercy of those countries, and would not her case be very serious in the event of certain imaginable coalitions being formed against her?

Now a notable feature of this argument is its antiquity. In one form or another it has been in the mouths of the British landlord and farmer for a couple of centuries or more. From the middle of the eighteenth century it began to carry great weight; after the Napoleonic wars it became the great question of the country, and remained so till settled by the abolition of the Corn Laws. But it was settled against the principle of self-dependence, and the consequent benefits to the nation have prevented any responsible party in Britain from suggesting a revival of the discarded policy. With much less opposition from within, Britain has come to be still more dependent upon the outside world for a constant supply of raw materials for her industries,

which are no less vital to her people than their food supply.

But Britain is not alone in this matter. Germany, in proportion as it has developed an industrial population, is repeating the experience of Britain. Of late years she has greatly increased her imports of food and raw materials. In consequence her landlords and farmers are using their power over the Government to force the establishment of corn laws and other protective measures for the benefit of the agrarian element. Yet, in spite of her corn laws and their burden upon industry, Germany is not self-dependent, and as her industry expands is certain to be less so. The same story is true, in lesser degree, of Italy, Belgium, Holland and Scandinavia. France is already largely dependent on imports of food, but the stationary condition of her population does not promise much immediate increase in that dependence, which is a matter of regret, not of joy, to her statesmen.

As shown in British history, and in the history of the other Powers, the increase of dependence upon other nations—in other words, the increase of international trade—is a mark of power, not of weakness. Indeed, those who develop the line of argument that dependence upon other nations for food, raw materials, or markets, is a sign of weakness and danger, overlook certain important features of an elementary, economic and international character, without attention to which no statesmanlike view of these matters can be taken.

All international trade, as well as ordinary trade, is carried on between a seller and a buyer. And every protective tariff, all consular services, the whole field of advertisement, and the whole army of agents and commercial travellers proclaim the universal fact, that the anxiety of the seller to sell far outstrips the anxiety of the purchaser to buy. This is a policy of nations as well as of individuals. Hence nothing makes the position of Britain so safe among the nations as the fact that she is so good a customer for the goods of

so many of them, and especially in the line of food supply, which always affects a large number of people in each food exporting country.

If Britain were dependent upon any single country, or any closely allied group of countries for her food, there might, in certain extreme contingencies, be an attempt to cripple her by shutting off her food supply. But, under present conditions, any attempt to starve her by one combination would afford an excellent opportunity for another combination to reap a handsome profit from supplying her with food at prices somewhat higher than normal. Britain and Napoleon did not manage to starve each other out by means of their combined orders-in-council and Berlin and Milan Decrees. Between them they theoretically shut off trade between the continent of Europe and the outside world, and isolated Britain completely. Yet, practically, in a week or two trade went on as before, each Power being forced, in its own interest, to connive at the violation of its own decrees. Yet the world has never seen since that time, nor, as far as present indications point, is ever likely to see, a more favourable opportunity for employing the paralyzing effects of a non-intercourse policy.

In the present trouble in South Africa there is an unparalleled unanimity among the nations in condemning the course which Britain has followed, and there is general rejoicing over her poor success, but even those most anxious for her failure are also extremely willing to supply her with anything they have to dispose of that will aid her in her purpose.

When we come to look more particularly at the sources of the British food supply, we recognize that the most varied and scattered countries, great and small, strong and weak, politically friendly and unfriendly, whether sending their contributions mainly by sea or mainly by land, all depend for the sale or the ruling price of their surplus food upon the condition of the British market. If that market, directly or indirectly, were closed to them, the

most widespread distress would prevail in those countries. It must be a very powerful motive indeed which could cause any one of them to undergo that distress for the purpose of harassing or destroying, if possible, its best customer; while the possibility of even half of them combining in such a project is simply beyond belief. In fact, their interest in the British market is far greater than the interest of the British market in them. Frequently the precise effect of the complete shutting off of supplies from any one source is actually seen when there is a crop failure or a war in any of the important grain exporting countries. Countries which supply millions of bushels to the British market one year may send little or nothing the next. But, while there is terrible distress in those particular countries, the British market knows little or no change in its aggregate supply or the price thereof.

Again, applying the fact of there being two parties to every exchange, the trade of Britain is not merely her trade alone, it is the trade of many other countries as well. Assuming that other countries are as anxious to protect their trade as Britain is to protect hers, the burden of protecting the trade in which she is interested by no means falls upon Britain alone. If United States grain or cotton merchants are sending cargoes of grain or cotton to the British markets for sale, is not the United States more interested in the protection of that cargo, till it lands in Britain, than Britain herself is? Yet people constantly argue as though upon the British fleet alone depended the protection of all the commerce in which Britain is interested, whether as buyer or seller. And much of the argument also implies that the cruisers, against which that commerce may have to be protected, will be those of the country to which the goods or ships may belong.

From what has already been said, it is obvious that, unless almost the whole world were in arms against Britain, or unless her ports were so com-

pletely blockaded that no vessels could be got through, Britain has little to fear from the possibility of attempts to shut off her food supply. But, in either of these cases of possible danger, what would be the benefit of confining herself to her colonial empire for her food supplies? In all such cases, as indeed in every imaginable case, her entire dependence upon the colonies would only aggravate the evils to be feared. She could then count on no other commercial interests, and on no other fleet but her own for assistance.

The commercial jealousy and antagonism which the United States is exciting to-day on the continent of Europe, is entirely due to the fact that she is so remarkably self-contained, and is so highly protected that, while she is showing great activity and anxiety to sell to all the world, she is not prepared to buy from the world, and hence incurs its hatred and fear. Her shrewder business and public men are beginning to see that this artificial attempt at self-containedness in the matter of articles of consumption, is not likely to prove good policy either for the promotion of export trade or the maintenance of safe foreign relations. Hence there is plainly a beginning being made in the United States towards freer trade relations than have characterized the policy of that country for almost half a century past. But if the effort to be artificially self-contained, in the matter of supplying national wants, is proving itself not to be a wise policy in the case of so compact a country as the United States, how much less wise in the case of so scattered a group of units as the British Empire, where self-containedness can only be accomplished in a most artificial way and at the expense of all that has contributed to the great commercial expansion and international power of the mother country? It is in her international economic power, by which Britain has acquired and still holds many and valuable hostages from the other nations, that her safety from invasion or attack chiefly rests.

The importance to the whole Empire of the complex foreign and colonial trade which Britain has built up upon natural and profitable lines, is well shown in the case of her shipping industry, which has been entirely dependent upon that trade for its development. In the gradual expansion of her trade and shipping connections, Britain also naturally secured a large share of the foreign carrying trade of the world. This she has managed to retain and increase. Notwithstanding the heroic and expensive efforts of other nations of Europe to build up commercial navies of their own, Britain still transports about five-eighths of the foreign commerce of Europe. In virtue of the country's enormous commercial navy, the Government was able to secure, without inconvenience to the regular trade of the country, transport to South Africa for men, animals, food and stores, to the extent of 2,000,000 tons; equivalent to almost the entire steam tonnage of Germany, and about double that of France. Further, when during this same period the troubles in China necessitated the transport of large numbers of troops, with much coal and stores, not only was British shipping at hand to answer all the needs of its own Government, but it accomplished also a large share of the transport for the other nations. But even the foreign shipping, including the war vessels, was dependent upon British coaling stations for its ability to reach its destination and pro-

tect the interests of the foreign Powers.

Such are some of the elements of Britain's strength, and some of the powerful hostages which she holds from the other nations of the world. Yet it is only a beginning of their enumeration.

The conclusion of the whole matter is simply this, that the British Empire is in no need of artificial organizing, or any scientific attempts to reduce its natural richness and variety to the uniformity of a military parade.

Where then comes in the unity of the Empire? It is based upon unity of race, language, institutions and traditions, and in its progress expresses itself in the world at large as a type of civilization. Now this means that the essential unity of the Empire is spiritual, and spiritual unity is consistent with an endless variety in all other things. But a common type of civilization is maintained by a free interchange of ideas and ideals. Hence what the parts of the Empire stand most in need of is a better knowledge of each other. And to this end we need freer and better channels for the interchange of that knowledge. While, without intellectual prejudice, we eagerly learn from all mankind, yet we can profit most from those of our own type. Thus by mutual intercourse suggestive, critical, encouraging, broadening, we shall at once develop and keep ourselves in touch with that mainspring of any Imperial unity worth cherishing, a common type of civilization.

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#### DEAR HEART.

DEAR heart, thy lips are more to me than all the world,  
And but to touch them once were ecstasy to me;  
The sweetest joy were mine, with mine own eyes to probe  
The dark and dreamy depths of thine, that I might see  
Within the changing shadows there sweet love and sympathy.

That I might gaze unhindered on thy sweet, fair face  
And catch thy fleeting smile, to me were bliss untold;  
And but once to touch thy crown of shining hair,  
That from the burning sun has caught its glint and gold,  
Were happiness, indeed, not lightly sold.

*T. M. Merrill.*



## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. XXXI—A. P. McDIARMID, M.A., D.D.

WHEN the Educational Board appointed by the Baptists of Manitoba and the Northwest decided in the spring of 1899 to establish an educational institution to meet the need of the growing West, it devolved upon them to choose a competent organizer for the enterprise. After a long consideration of the marked qualities that must be united in such a man, they chose the Rev. Archibald P. McDiarmid, at that time the Secretary of the Baptist Foreign Mission Board of Ontario and Quebec. To him they submitted their plans, acting on which he immediately set about to organize and establish at Brandon, Manitoba, the institution now chartered and known as Brandon College, of which he himself is Principal.

Dr. McDiarmid was born in 1852 at Yarmouth, Elgin County, Ontario. After receiving the rudiments of education in the Public School of that place, he attended the High School at St. Thomas for a year or two, and then went to Woodstock College, known in those days as the Canadian Literary Institute. There he was under the guidance of such well-known educators as Robert Fyfe, J. E. Wells, and George Dickson, sometime Principal of Upper Canada College.

In the summer of 1871 he graduated from Woodstock College by passing the matriculation examination into the University of Toronto. At this examination, and likewise at that of his first year, he won a general proficiency scholarship. From this point on to the close of his university career he pursued the honour course in Metaphysics, capturing the scholarship in the second year, several prizes in the third, and the silver medal in the fourth. His chief instructor during these three years was George Paxton Young, whose rare combination of abilities—a genuine philosophical insight and power of expression together with a brilliant talent for teaching—whose mag-

netic personality and real manliness, left an indelible impress upon all of his many students, and not least among them upon Dr. McDiarmid. It is a notable fact that a great number of the leading men of Canada to-day received from the life and words of George Paxton Young the vital momentum which has carried them to their present high spheres of labour and influence.

In 1876, after obtaining the Master's degree from his Alma Mater, Dr. McDiarmid was ordained into the Baptist ministry at Clarence, Ontario. The next year he was called to Strathroy, two years later to Port Hope, and in 1882 to the First Baptist Church of Ottawa, this being the church which the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, the Hon. David Mills, and the Hon. William McMaster regularly attended. After seven years' pastorate in the Canadian capital he accepted the call extended to him by the Tabernacle Baptist Church of Brooklyn, New York.

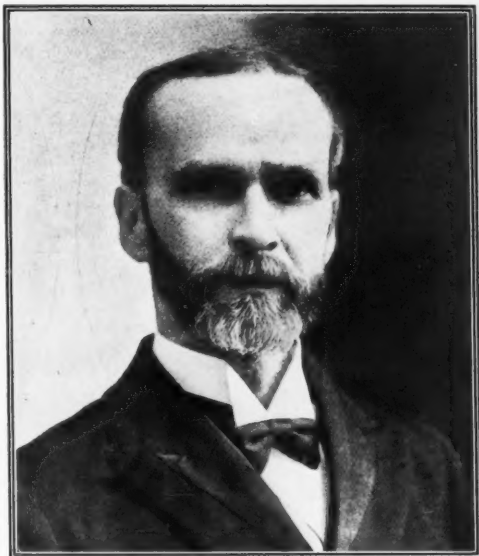
In 1892 Dr. McDiarmid returned to Canada, making Toronto his home, to serve as Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the Canadian Baptist Church of Ontario and Quebec. From this position he was called to the West. From that time to the present he has been a member of the Senate of McMaster University. At the spring convocation of 1899 his colleagues on that body conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

At the time of Dr. McDiarmid's appointment to the leadership of the new educational movement Brandon College was merely a plan; but by the following autumn, through his energy and executive ability, it had become an actuality, with a governing board, a faculty, and an encouragingly large student-body. For the first two years classes were conducted in rented rooms, but during this time plans, estimates, and subscriptions for a suitable building were being made, with the result

that the college work is now carried on in a large modern edifice.

The principal courses of study offered are the general arts course of the first two years, and the complete honour course in Philosophy, of the University of Manitoba. Besides this, there is provided collegiate instruction along the lines of study required by the provincial education department, a business and stenographic course, and a theological course. Although the college is under the auspices of the Baptist denomination, it is far from being sectarian in spirit. Its constituency covering Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia, embraces people of all denominations and nationalities.

That this the youngest Canadian college was brought into active existence and placed on so firm a basis in so short a time is mostly due to the untiring efforts, the organizing skill, and the profound appreciation of west-



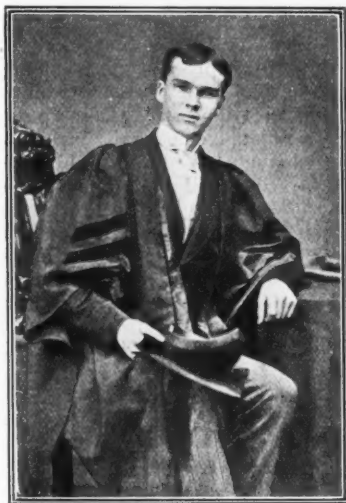
DR. A. P. MCDIARMID

ern needs, of Dr. McDiarmid. Its growth, too, is to be placed to his credit, for he has proven himself a principal of rare efficiency, a power in the classroom as professor of Ethics and Theology, and an ideal man to be in daily contact with youthful life.

As a speaker he is forceful, free from hesitation, supremely logical, and convincing; and, though not brilliant, always commands attention. His modest bearing, his force and clearness of utterance in conversation, his approachableness, all impress one on first acquaintance as reliable indications that he is strong-willed, earnest, and unselfish. An intimate acquaintance never fails to convert this impression into a confirmed opinion.

Altogether Dr. McDiarmid seems the embodiment of a goodly portion of the rare qualities that distinguished the instructors of his youth, and as such could not possibly fall short of occupying his present high position as a man, an educator, and a Canadian.

*W Sherwood Fox.*



DR. MCDIARMID AS A COLLEGE STUDENT



MR. WILLIAM MACKENZIE



MR. DONALD D. MANN

## A NEW NATIONAL HIGHWAY.

*By W. H. Moore.*

UNTIL the first half of the nineteenth century was completed, rivers and lakes marked the course of settlement in Canada, but before the close of the century the importance of the waterway had been overtaken, and even surpassed, by that of the railway. The first railway in Canada, sixteen miles in length, was constructed in 1836, and it was not until twenty years later that the mileage of the railways of Canada passed the thousand mile post.

Since the year 1880 railway mileage in Canada has about trebled, and the work of constructing railways has become a highly organized art to which some of the ablest men in Canada have devoted their lives. To three Canadians, William Mackenzie, Donald D. Mann and Roderick J. Mackenzie, belong the honours of having personally undertaken and carried to the first stage of success Canada's newest important railway system, and one which in an incredibly short time has developed un-

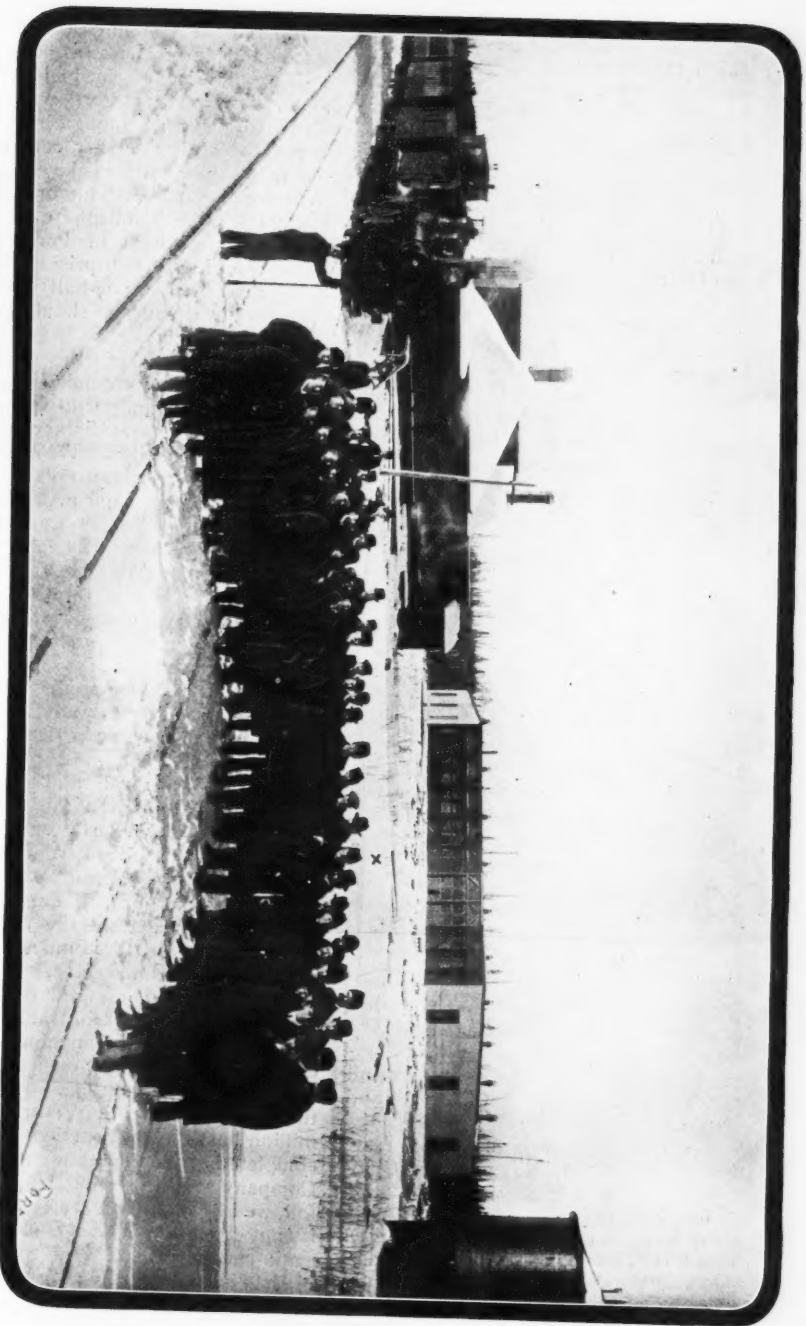
til it stands third in the Dominion in point of mileage.

The commencement of the new year has witnessed the completion of the first stage of this new national highway, the Canadian Northern Railway. On the 26th day of December, 1896, the Canadian Northern Railway, then under the name of the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company, commenced operating one hundred and twenty-five miles of road, and on the 31st day of December, 1901, a little more than five years later, the company had over one thousand three hundred miles of track laid on its system.

This mileage is distributed as follows:—

Ontario	-	-	-	354 miles.
Minnesota	-	-	-	50 "
Manitoba	-	-	-	883 "
Saskatchewan	-	-	-	22 "

Total track laid - 1,309 "



DRIVING THE SILVER SPIKE AT THE COMPLETION OF THE ONTARIO SECTION OF THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY  
 The spike was driven at Atikokan, December 31st, 1901, by the Hon. E. J. Davis, Ontario Commissioner of Crown Lands. Mr. Davis is marked "x" in the group; on his right is Mr. D. D. Mann, and on his left Mr. William Mackenzie.

COPYRIGHT PHOTO BY FORD, PORT ARTHUR

The building of the Canadian Northern means something more to Canadians than the fact that over thirteen hundred miles of railway track have been laid. From a national point of view, it means that the Dominion is richer in having secured :—

1. The opening up of the vast iron and mineral deposits of the Mattawin and Atikokan Ranges in Northwestern Ontario, dormant solely by reason of the lack of shipping facilities.

2. The opening up to settlement of the fertile Rainy River valley, which contains, according to most conservative estimates, not less than eight hundred thousand acres of good arable land, in addition to a large acreage suitable for grazing.

3. The opening up to settlement of the valley of the Great Saskatchewan, which, with fertile soil, a healthful climate, and abundance of fuel and water, is capable of supporting a nation.

4. A second great western railway competing in both rates and service for the carriage of grain, cattle and other products to the East, and for the carriage of eastern products required for consumption in the West.

- \*5. The diversion of the large percentage of Manitoba grain which has hitherto gone to a United States port, Duluth, to a Canadian port, Port Arthur.

The Canadian Northern system has been formed by the amalgamation of four other companies—the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company, the Winnipeg Great Northern Railway Company, the Manitoba and South-eastern Railway Company, and the Ontario and Rainy River Railway Company; the purchase of the railway and assets of the Port Arthur, Duluth and Western Railway Company, and the lease, for a long term of years, of the Minnesota and Manitoba Railway Com-

pany, and the system of the Northern Pacific and Manitoba Railway Company.

That all this system, in itself complete, lies west of Port Arthur, the Canadian head of navigation on the Great Lakes, is a further contribution to the evidence as to the importance of Western Canada. About one-third of the total railway mileage of the Dominion is now west of Port Arthur, and it would not be surprising if, within the next decade, one-half of the Canadian railway mileage should lie west of the Great Lakes.

The main line of the Canadian Northern Railway extends from Port Arthur westerly and north-westerly towards Prince Albert, a distance of eight hundred and ten miles. While a trunk line extending so many miles through almost exclusively traffic producing territory would inevitably yield more or less valuable results, branch lines were required as feeders to form a completed system.

On the 1st of June, 1901, the mileage of the Company was augmented by three hundred and fifty-four miles of road, formerly known as the Manitoba system of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, constructed through the well-settled and most productive portions of central and southern Manitoba. In addition the Canadian Northern had previously constructed branch lines in the Dauphin district of northern Manitoba, and last autumn completed other branch lines in central Manitoba, so that the road now has almost five hundred miles of track in addition to its main line.

The Company is assured of a large proportion of the grain traffic of the Northwest. More than ninety grain elevators are situated on its lines in the Province of Manitoba. An elevator capable of storing more than a million bushels of wheat has just been completed at the lake terminals of the Company at Port Arthur, and is to be followed by another elevator of equal, if not greater, size. Essentially a grain-carrying road, everything possible has been done to accommodate the grain traffic. The grades from Win-

\*The Canadian Northern Railway delivered to American railways for shipment to Duluth in 1901, before the completion of its line to Port Arthur, 6,500,000 bush. of grain, or, in other words, cargoes for a fleet of thirty-five vessels of the largest size.



nipeg to Lake Superior have been designed with a view to facilitating the carrying of loads from the West to the East.

What has the future in store for the Canadian Northern Railway? At a banquet given by the townsmen of Port Arthur, on the event of the driving of the silver spike on the Ontario Section, Mr. D. D. Mann stated that the Company intended putting forth efforts to obtain second place as far as mileage in the Dominion is concerned, and hoped that the silver spike would be driven in a second trans-continental line within seven years. The achievements of Mr. Mann and his associates during the past few years are sufficient to justify the people of Canada in giving credence to this statement.

MAP OF CANADA'S NEW NATIONAL HIGHWAY

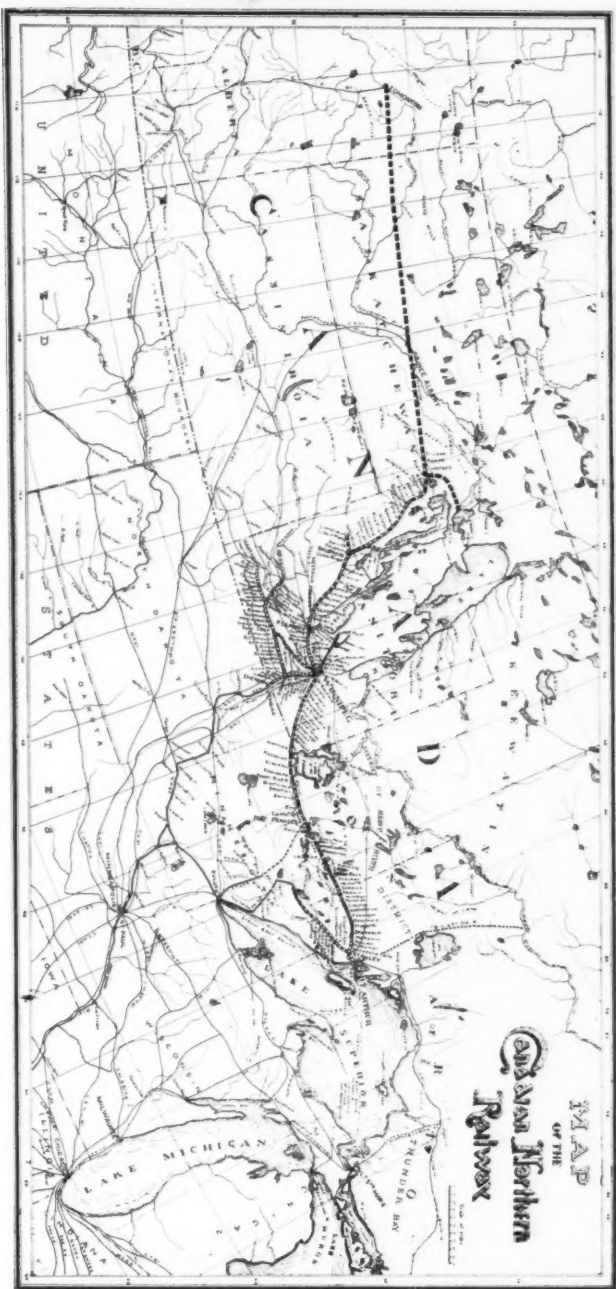




PHOTO BY PITTAWAY, OTTAWA

SIGNOR MARCONI

## MARCONI IN CANADA.

*By M. O. Scott.*

MARCONI makes light of the expressions of distrust of his transatlantic signals so freely expressed by many critics. Doubt and suspicion have marked every step in the development of his system of wireless telegraphy. From the hour of the first experiments across the English Channel to the signalling tests the other day in Newfoundland his claims have been criticised and disputed. Yet wireless telegraphy is an accomplished fact. It has been adopted by the British Government; it is in regular use on land and sea; it has become a part of the equipment of leading ocean steamships, and has been put into successful operation by the Gov-

ernment of Canada across the Straits of Belle Isle. To the objection from many quarters that the signals claimed to have been received in Newfoundland, from the Lizard, on the Cornish coast, might be accounted for by electric interruptions, and were inconclusive, Marconi has but one reply. He so timed the signals, there could be no question as to their origin. They were sent and received at intervals arranged beforehand. With three years' experience to guide him, he is satisfied that wireless ocean signalling has been demonstrated beyond the possibility of error.

Transmission for long distances is merely a question of power. Marconi

is so well assured of it he has completed definite arrangements for a wireless plant at Cape Breton, to cost between \$75,000 and \$100,000. He hopes to put up sufficiently powerful installations there and in Cornwall to try the experiment, should it be thought desirable, of attempting to signal to Cape Town.

Marconi has many rivals in England, France, Germany and the United States; and one Ottawa gentleman, it is stated, claims rights of prior discovery of the principles on which Marconi has worked out his system, and is credited with having threatened legal proceedings whenever the system is put to commercial use within the jurisdiction of Canadian Courts. Marconi's answer to inquiries on the subject is this: "I have my patents; and my interests are in the hands of competent lawyers. They will attend to anyone who wishes to have recourse to the courts."

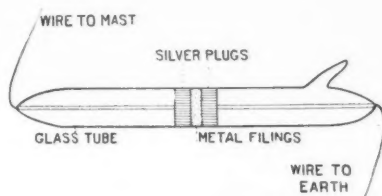
When Marconi's experiments in Newfoundland were stopped by the hostile action of the Anglo-American Cable Co., Hon. W. S. Fielding, Federal Minister of Finance, invited the inventor to come to Ottawa as the guest of the Government of Canada, to discuss the continuation of his work on Canadian soil. Marconi was assured that every possible opportunity for carrying on experiments in Nova Scotia would be extended. He accepted the invitation, arrived at the capital on Monday, Dec. 30, 1901, and was met by Mr. Fielding, Mr. Tarte and other members of the Government. He had constant interviews with members of the Government on the subject of the establishment of his wireless system in Canada, and found everywhere

a disposition to facilitate his operations.

There were obstacles to overcome. The telegraph companies holding the land lines from Cape Breton, east, west, north and south throughout Canada, had their own interests to safeguard, and were found quite capable of looking after them. The Government, the telegraph companies and inventor had to feel their way step by step towards a common basis of negotiation. The ground cleared for definite propositions, it only remained for Marconi to place the conclusions arrived at before his colleagues in London; when that has been done, he will submit their views to the Canadian Government for final consideration.

In this connection it may be mentioned that since Mr. Tarte has been Minister of Public Works of the Dominion, he has vigorously pushed the construction of land and cable telegraph lines until to-day Canada owns upwards of five thousand miles of telegraph from the Atlantic coast to the Yukon. Only two short land links and a submarine link are required to

give complete connection between the Government system of telegraphs and Canso in the one direction, and with the cable station at the north end of Cape Breton in the other. At Canso the Government telegraphs will then tap all the British and Continental submarine cables having their terminus at that point. At the north end of Cape Breton the Government land lines will connect with the Government submarine cable to the Magdalen islands. The laying of a length of about 120 miles of cable between Magdalen Islands and Anticosti will complete a continuous Government system be-



MARCONI'S ELECTRIC-EYE

The electric ripples are detected by a wonderful little instrument called a coherer or electric-eye which Mr. Marconi has perfected. The ripples are caused by powerful induction coils.

tween the two extremities of the Dominion, east and west, with important branches in various directions. The expenditure of another \$100,000 would see the completion effected. This being the situation, it will be readily understood that the Government is very much interested in Marconi's plans.

It has been confidently stated in some of the newspaper accounts of Marconi's visit that the Federal Cabinet entertains the idea of Government control in some shape. One writer says: "Mr. Mulock (the Postmaster-General, it is known, has had estimates prepared of the probable cost of acquiring existing lines in Canada and establishing a postal service. Now that Mr. Marconi's wireless system has entered the field of telegraphy as a practical factor, it is believed the Postmaster-General is having an alternative plan prepared on the basis of utilizing the Marconi apparatus in carrying out his postal scheme."

In any case, Mr. Tarte, as the Minister who has so vigorously developed the Government telegraphs, may also have something to say. It will surprise no one familiar with public affairs, if the Minister of Public Works prefers to see a royalty paid by the Government for the exclusive rights over the Marconi system in Canada, to Lloyd's corporation practically controlling wireless telegraphy as well as ocean insurance rates which he regards as discriminatory against Canadian in favour of United States ports. Whether the Government of Canada co-operates in any way in the Cape Breton project, or not, that enterprise, Marconi says, will certainly be proceeded with. If land line connections cannot be arranged for with the existing telegraph companies, he will try to establish stations to deliver his messages overland. He is backed by the Lloyd's corporation of England, the Marine Communication

Company, Limited, and the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, and Canadian capitalists have taken preliminary steps towards the formation of a powerful company for the development of the Marconi system in British America.

Guglielmo Marconi is by birth an Italian, having first seen the light at Griffone, near Bologna on April 25, 1874. He is consequently only 28 years of age. His father was an Italian and his mother Irish, and since 1898 his home has been in England. Among his earliest wireless long-distance messages of which there is authentic public record was one across the English Channel in March, 1899, from South Foreland to Boulogne, distance thirty-two miles. During the summer of the same year the French naval vessel *Vienne* communicated with the shores of France and England at a distance of forty-five miles. The following month Marconi sent wireless messages from Admiralty headquarters directing the manoeuvres of the British fleet, upwards of eighty miles from one ship to another, and 130 miles through two ship stations. Later he reported the International yacht races in American waters by his wireless system.

Marconi looks more English than Italian, and he speaks English well, with very little trace of foreign accent. He is above the medium height, with the frame of an active man, somewhat slight, but standing up well and not wanting in power. His hair is dark and his young moustache light. He has bright, quick eyes, which have a pleasant way in animated conversation of half closing and twinkling merrily. He has confidence in himself, without being self-assertive, and during his brief stay in Ottawa made many friends, who heartily wish him success in his attempt to bring Canada and England into easier communication by means of his wireless telegraphy.



SABLE ISLAND—THE SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE

## CHANGING ASPECTS OF SABLE ISLAND.

*By Marshall Owen Scott.*

SABLE ISLAND, "the graveyard of the Atlantic," is slipping away fast. The west light will have to be moved farther east within a year. It has already been taken down twice since 1873 and moved eastward to prevent its being swallowed up by the ever-encroaching waves. From the recorded measurements, it has been calculated that three hundred years ago the island was two hundred miles long, with cliffs probably eight hundred feet high. To-day it is barely twenty miles long, with a breadth of about a mile, and hills scarcely one hundred feet high. The rest of the island has been obliterated by fierce storms and undermining currents. When the British took over Canada from France, the French maps showed the island to be forty miles in length and two and one quarter in breadth. A few years later, the British Admiralty ordered a special survey, which gave a length of thirty-one miles and a breadth of two miles. Thirteen miles of the west end of the island had gone, but four miles had been added to the east end, a net diminution of nine miles. A survey of the island in 1808 gave thirty miles in extreme length with

hills 150 to 200 feet in height, attaining their greatest elevation at Mount Knight, the eastern extremity. The total disappearance of the island, with its lighthouses and life-saving establishments as they stand to-day, would leave in its place an immense submerged sandbank with nothing above it but breakers to indicate its whereabouts, a greater peril to life and



THE POSITION OF SABLE ISLAND



property than ever Sable Island was. The residue of the island still above water is all that remains of the sandy apex of one of a series of submarine sand shoals. These extend from the great bank of Newfoundland westward to the coast of the United States.<sup>1</sup> The shoals vary in extent from fifteen or twenty miles to three hundred miles in length, with proportionate breadth and a depth of water over them from thirty to seventy fathoms. Sable Island shoal is the largest of the series, being nearly two hundred miles long east to west, and ninety miles in width from north to south. The sand is believed to lie on ridges of ancient rock, but the fact has yet to be established by borings.

Although barely twenty miles of sand line still remain visible in ordinary weather above the surface of the Atlantic, there is a chain of breakers, full fifty miles or more, from west to east. Treacherous bars stretch east and west from both ends of the island, some seventeen miles in each direction. At the western end, for a mile and a half, in stormy weather, the sea breaks fiercely over a bar most of which is seen when the sea is calm. Beyond this point for another mile part of the bar is occasionally visible, but the sea breaks heavily, as it does at all times for another nine miles. For seven miles beyond that, there are fierce breakers when the wind blows freshly, and a rough ripple with ugly cross seas at all other times. From the east end a bar stretches north-easterly seventeen miles, the first four miles being dry in fine weather, the next nine covered with heavy breakers, and the last four with heavy cross seas. Thus the island and its bars present in stormy weather a continuous line for upwards of fifty miles of terrific breakers.<sup>2</sup>

This being the situation, it was suggested to the Government of Canada some time back that measures ought

to be taken, if possible, for the preservation of what remained of the island, for beacon purposes, to indicate the whereabouts of this dangerous spot to vessels out of their course or in distress. It needed no argument to prove that if the place was perilous to life and property when high out of the waves and with lights flashing over the waste of waters in the hours of darkness it must become much more so with every vestige of sand above the sea swept out of existence, and no lights. The ocean in the vicinity of Sable Island is not a locality where ordinary lightships could be moored with safety. The shoals lie on the northern edge of the Gulf Stream, the scene of the most destructive tempests ever witnessed on the Atlantic. The storm-riven skeletons of more than two hundred gallant vessels, and the bones of probably between two and three thousand dead men, strew the submerged ridges, a sufficient proof, one would think, that the island was ever a menace to mariners and ships even when its sandy cliffs loomed away above the briny depths. Mr. Maury, writing of the gales that spend their fury on the northern edge of the Gulf Stream in this vicinity, says "their awful violence is one of the most striking phenomena of the island. The boldest hearts are sometimes stuck with awe, if not with terror. The full force of the Atlantic, beating on the shores, seems to cause the earth to quiver to its foundations, while the people exposed to the rage of the tempest tremble at its fury and every moment expect to be hurled into the seething ocean."

A feature of these storms, frequently witnessed, is the blaze of phosphorescent lights from the wind-lashed waters. On a pitch-dark night, with the gale shrieking and driving the waves in indescribable fierceness before it, the phosphorescent flames are seen leaping and writhing in their mad career, assuming with lightning rapidity a thousand horrible shapes, until the entire view is a confusion of breathless terrors. The inky blackness of the boiling waters breaking into masses of white

<sup>1</sup> & <sup>2</sup> Sable Island, by Rev. Geo. Patterson, Trans. Roy. Soc. Canada, 1894.

foam, the flashing colours that wreath the crests of the roaring billows, shoot forward in sheets and showers of dazzling brimstone and deep blue and burning red and shining green, with snake-like twistings, in kaleidoscopic fury, make up an infernal picture from which the unaccustomed spectator shrinks in awe.

The sudden changes often witnessed at the island are thus noted by Mr. S. D. McDonald:<sup>3</sup> "The sun often rises clear, giving indications of continued good weather, and with the exception of the sea breaking high on the bars and the fretful moan of the surf as it breaks along the shore, there is no premonition of the coming storm. Suddenly, a dull, leaden haze obscures the sun. Clouds gather from all directions. The sky assumes a wild, unusual appearance. The wind begins to rise in fretful gusts, carrying swirls of sand before it. The darkness increases, as the low driving scud shuts in all distant objects. Now the gale bursts in awful fury, whipping off the summits of the hummocks, carrying before it a cloud of blinding sand drift. Darkness adds to the horror of the scene, while rain descends in a perfect deluge. No human voice can be heard above the tempest. The crinkled lightning for an instant lights up the mad waves as they rear and leap along the beach. Then a sudden calm ensues as strange as calm. A few short gusts at first break this period of tranquillity, and in a few minutes the hurricane bursts from the opposite quarter. The darkness is still intense, relieved only by the red glare of the lightning, which is quickly followed by the crashing of the thunder as it strives to be heard above the howling of the blast. Gradually the storm ceases, the clouds break and pack away in dense masses to leeward, and the sea alone retains its wild tumult."

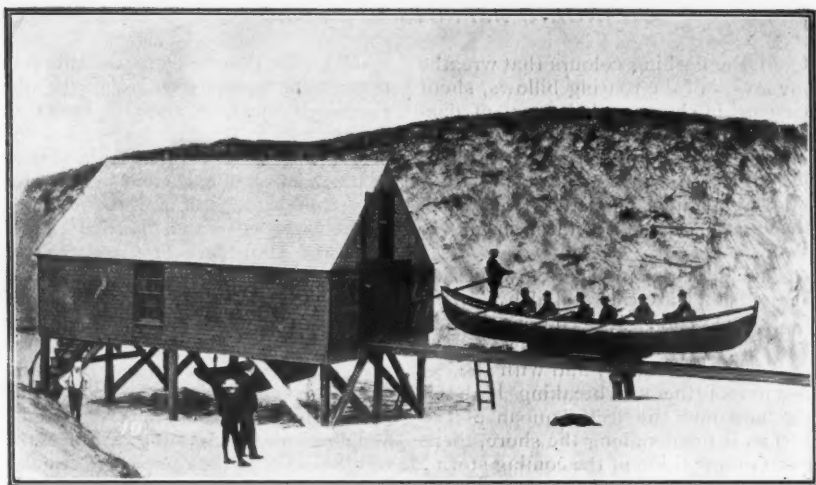
If the violence of these sudden storms is one of the most striking phenomena of the island, not less so is the force and uncertainty of the currents of

which it is the centre. Of three of these,<sup>4</sup> the island seems to be the appointed meeting place. The Gulf Stream passes south of the island on its eastward course. The main portion of the great Arctic current is deflected from the great bank of Newfoundland to the west. Another portion passes down the east coast of Cape Breton, and meeting the first mentioned, is deflected westward with it to the shores of the island. From these and perhaps other causes the currents around the island are terribly conflicting and uncertain, sometimes being in opposition to the direction of the prevailing winds, and sometimes passing around the whole circuit of the compass in twenty-four hours. As currents of water, like currents of air, meeting from different directions, produce eddies, these result in marvellous swirls around the island. An empty cask will be carried round and round the island, making the circuit several times, and the same is the case with bodies of the drowned from wrecks.

The Minister of Marine was willing to look into the practicability of saving the island. Accordingly, Colonel Anderson, chief engineer of the department, made an investigation and satisfied himself, by a prolonged stay on the island, that the cost of protective works would be too heavy to be undertaken, at all events, at present. Breakwaters would be necessary along the whole sea front, north and south. Fifty miles or more of these costly defences would have to be constructed, on a bottom of which nothing is known beyond the fact that the soundings give thirty to seventy fathoms of water above sand believed to lie in deposits of unknown

<sup>3</sup>Captain Darby, a former superintendent on the Island, thus writes to "Blunt's Coast Pilot," "Most of the wrecks occurring here arise from error of longitude. I have known vessels from Europe that had not made an error of one half degree in their longitude till they came to the banks of Newfoundland, and from there in moderate weather and light winds have made errors from sixty to one hundred miles." This shows the strength of the current westerly.

<sup>4</sup>Mr. S. D. McDonald. *Proceedings of N. S. Institute of Science*, VI., 265. Sec. II., 1894, 6.



SABLE ISLAND—MAIN STATION, METALLIC LIFEBOAT

thickness on the primeval rock. Off the eastern extremity of the island there is a sudden drop of 170 fathoms. In the meantime, under the direction of Colonel Gourdeau, Deputy Minister of Marine, considerable experimental planting of specially selected trees and sand-binding grass was done on the Island, on methods suggested by long experience gained on the coasts of Brittany under somewhat similar conditions of exposure and wastage.

An examination of the records gives a clear idea of the manner in which the disintegration of the island is proceeding. In 1881 a gale removed bodily from the west end of the island an area a quarter of a mile in length by seventy feet in width. At another time, observations showed four miles of sea-front swept away by the roaring billows in four years. Another three years and the superintendent of the main station of the life-saving establishment found it necessary, in order to preserve his house, to tear it down and rebuild it three miles farther east. In 1882 the \$40,000 lighthouse, erected a mile inside the grass hills which were supposed to form a permanent barrier against the inroads alike of roaring surf, undermining currents, and heavy winds, had to be abandoned. Storm

after storm had washed away the sand until one day an outside building toppled over and was swept out of sight and seen no more.<sup>5</sup> The foundation of the lighthouse itself began to give, and the men on the island were obliged hastily to remove the apparatus to save it from impending destruction. A site one mile east was selected, from which the light again flashed through the darkness over the waves, but the sea continued to eat into the sand hills, and in 1888 the removal of the apparatus was again found necessary, and it was put up at a place two miles farther east. The chief waste is now taking place between a point about nine miles east of the west light and the extreme west point on the south side of the island. The sea is a leveller but the wind is a builder.<sup>6</sup> The wind may shift the sand but only to pile it up somewhere else. By it the sand is blown inward, but rarely to sea, except during occasional heavy gales. High strong tides sometimes throw back the sand washed away from the island, and

<sup>5</sup>Report of Mr. Hodgson, superintendent, main station, life-saving establishment, Sable Island, 1826.

<sup>6</sup>Mr. Macoun's Summary Report of a visit to Sable Island. Geological Survey Department, 1899. Sessional paper No. 13a, 1900.

the wind blowing it inwards, it at once begins to build new hills. Wherever there is the slightest obstruction mounds are found, sandwort takes possession, year by year the mound grows, and grass gets a foothold, and by-and-by a hill is found where the surface was low and level. But with all this the washing away continues.

Professor Macoun, in the summer of 1898, visited Sable Island, and landing on July 20th was greatly surprised to find greater part of the island covered with verdure, though the whole extent of subsoil and most of the surface was pure sand. His subsequent observations inclined him to believe that when Sable Island rose out of the sea after the glacial submergence it was of great extent in an easterly and westerly direction. Until 1830 there was a deep lagoon, practically a harbour, in the centre of the island, with a wide opening into it from the sea on the south side where the west light now stands.

In that year the lagoon was closed

by a storm, and two vessels were caught in the harbour, which became a lake. The earliest reports give the lagoon as twenty miles in length, east to west, being a depression between two parallel outer ridges of sand that extended crescent shape east and west. The inner side of the crescent lay to the north. Professor Macoun says the lake is now only eleven miles long, and in places only six inches deep, though at some points deeper than the sea for a mile outside the ridges.

The climate is very equable. The range of the thermometer during the five weeks the professor was there was only twenty degrees; the lowest reading fifty-six degrees and the highest seventy-five. In ten years the lowest winter reading has been six above zero. In sheltered places specimens of trees and shrubs, experimentally planted, have attained a considerable size. Every summer they make a fine growth, but during the winter are killed back to the point at which they are protected by a



SABLE ISLAND—A FOUR-HORSE TEAM OF SABLE ISLAND PONIES

These ponies are remnants of a stock supposed to have been left on the Island by Portuguese fishermen in the 15th century.

fence. Fuchsias and geraniums grown in the open air changed their habit, spreading out instead of growing erect, while their flowers were produced below instead of above the leaves. The purest sand with a coat of manure is found to produce all kinds of vegetables and the best of hay. Where grass is sown the sand does not blow away unless the sod is broken up. Around the shore and in the lake thousands of seals are seen basking in the sun. Fresh water is found all over the island.

In the central valley a black peaty soil appears, and around the lake are wild roses, asters and lilies, and abundance of strawberries, blueberries and cranberries. Wild ducks remain on the island all the year round, the most common being the black duck and the sheldrake. Gulls, divers and other wild fowl arrive in May and their eggs can be gathered by the boat load. Two species of snipe breed on the island, a species of sparrow abound, and stray specimens of the land birds from the continent are often seen. In addition to the cattle placed on the island from remote times, the historian of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's expedition for Sable Island from Newfoundland in 1583 wrote that some thirty years before, "the Portugals did put upon the island meat and swine to breed, which were since exceedingly multiplied." Charlevoix wrote that cattle and sheep had escaped from the wrecks of Spanish vessels. The swine were discovered later on devouring the flesh of the dead from wrecks and were all killed. The sheep by degrees died. Parties from the mainland appropriated most of the cattle. Herds of horses, respecting the origin of which there is no account, are found on the island. They are extremely hardy. In 1864 there were about four hundred. At present the number averages about one hundred, the natural increase being shipped to Halifax for sale. A fine stock horse of Canadian pony breed was landed on the island in October last, for the purpose of improving the breed, as to

weight and form, at the same time preserving the pony characteristics, in which considerable progress has been made the past two years, according to the observation of Mr. C. A. Hutchins, superintendent of lighthouses at Halifax. For the use of the Government employees and their families cows are now kept on the island for milking purposes and oxen for beef, and they thrive on the coarse grass and wild peas, in the summer. English grasses are being cultivated for winter feeding. It was thought English rabbits would do well for a change of food and they were introduced, but their young were killed off so fast by rats from shipwrecks that it was found necessary to import and let loose a number of hungry tomcats, which in the absence of regular food hunted to such purpose that very few rats and rabbits were in a little while to be found. In a wild state the felines became objectionable, and dogs and shotguns disposed of them. Then a fresh start was made with rabbits, and as soon as they began to multiply, snowy owls appeared and soon scarcely any rabbits remained. The rats that escaped destruction took to burrowing in the sand, and are no longer unduly troublesome. Poultry were placed on the island, and with protection and care have done well. Thus the inhabitants are never without ample supplies of beef, pork, fresh milk, fresh eggs and butter, distant as they are from any market. Whitehead, the nearest point, is eighty-five miles away. Whitehead is the first point of land on the Nova Scotia coast sighted by vessels from Europe.

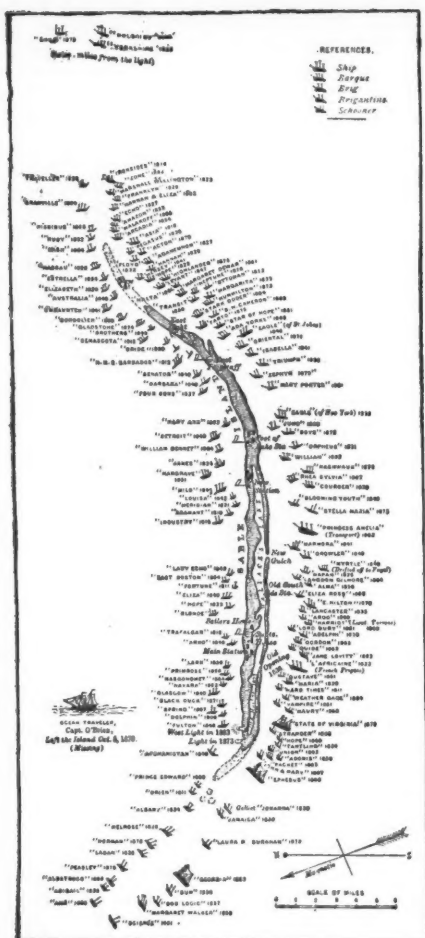
Pirates and wreckers resorted to the island from the earliest years of settlement on the coasts of Nova Scotia and New England. In the huts of these men, along the shores of the mainland were stored the pick of rich cargoes of ships bound to the west and carried out of their course by contrary winds and currents and wrecked on the shoals. Shipwrecked mariners and passengers who escaped death by



drowning were sometimes murdered on reaching the beach. The ghastly records of lost lives and destroyed vessels begin with the first authentic accounts of the island. The Cabots are supposed to have made the island first in 1496, or 1497, although in the summer of the year of 1000, Lief, the son of Eric the Red, sailed from Greenland in search of the south country, and may have landed on Sable Island, which in those days was probably fair to look upon, with trees and sheltered valleys covered with verdure and a secure harbor. In 1521 the King of Portugal made a grant of a large territory, including Nova Scotia and adjacent islands, Santa Cruz among them, to Juan Alvarez Fagundes. Santa Cruz is shown by a map of 1505 to be identical with "Ile de Sable" of Joannes Freire's map of 1456, and the Sable Island of subsequent French maps, and of to-day. Expeditions to the island were frequent, and Europeans were found settled there simultaneously with the appearance of the maps. The Baron de Lery is reported by Lescarbot, the historian of Port Royal, as having sailed from France to plant a colony on the mainland. He failed, and returned to France, and on the return voyage stopped at the island and landed cattle. The Marquis de la Roche in 1578 received a commission from the King of France as Lieutenant-Governor of Canada, Hochelaga, Newfoundland, Labrador and adjacent countries, and sailed with fifty or sixty convicts in 1598 and stopped at the island and disembarked the convicts, to remain there whilst he sailed for Acadia on the mainland to select a suitable place for his colony. Returning for his men he was driven out of his course by a tempest and had to go to France. In 1603 the captain of the expedition of 1598, *Chef d'Hotel*, was sent out to rescue the convicts, and on arriving found they had built shelters from the storms out of the timber of wrecked ships. Only eleven survived and they wore the shaggy skins of seals. Settlements of fishermen

and adventurers were beginning to dot the coasts of the mainland; shipping was increasing and wrecks were numerous. The Duc d'Anville, in his expedition against the British colonies in 1746, lost a transport and a fireship here. In 1761 a British ship returning with a part of the 43rd Regiment from the capture of Quebec was wrecked on the shoals. The spot where the shipwrecked men encamped is now five fathoms deep under the sea. The *Francis*, carrying the equipage of the Duke of Kent, was lost on the shoals in 1799, and of all on board not one escaped alive. Soon afterwards, jewels and rare articles were seen in the cabins of fishermen on the mainland, some of which were believed to be part of His Royal Highness's outfit. Grim stories got into circulation of men escaping from their death-struggle with the waves to fall victims to murderers on the beach. Many versions of the weird story of the wreck of the *Princess Amelia*, in 1802, have been published. The furniture of the Queen's father, Prince Edward, was on board, together with the officers and their wives, women servants and recruits to the number of some two hundred souls. All perished. An account given by Haliburton<sup>7</sup> says the island was at that time the resort of piratical vagabonds, and it was generally supposed some of the unfortunate shipwrecked people reached the shore but were murdered for their property. The prince sent Captain Torrens of the 29th Regiment to investigate. He, too, was wrecked, but saved his life. One day, after making the circuit of the lower end of the island, he returned to a hut that had been put up for shipwrecked people. He made up a fire and went outside to take a last look around before turning in. On re-entering the hut, he saw a lady, having no clothes on but a long, loose, soiled white dress, wet from the sea, with sand sticking to it, her hair hanging loose and drip-

<sup>7</sup> Haliburton's "Wise Saws and Modern Instances."



SABLE ISLAND—THE GRAVEYARD OF THE ATLANTIC. ADMIRALTY CHART OF WRECKS THAT HAVE OCCURRED THERE

ping over her shoulders. She held up her hand and he saw one of the fingers had been cut off, and the hand was still bleeding. He rose quickly to bandage the stump, when she passed out of the door. He followed, but she went too swiftly and reached the lake and plunged in, head first. When he returned to the hut she was seated there again. Examining her features more closely he recognized her as the

wife of Dr. Copeland, the surgeon of the 7th, the prince's own regiment. She held up her hand and he said, "I have it: you were murdered for the sake of your ring." She bowed her head. "Well," said he, "I'll leave no stone unturned to recover that ring and restore it to your family." She smiled, bowed her head, waved her hand for him to keep out of her way, and slipped past him. She then turned and held up both hands as though pushing someone back, and disappeared. Eventually Torrens was rescued and taken to Halifax, where he got hold of the names of the three most noted wreckers of the time. One of them lived at Salmon River, whither the captain went. The wrecker was away at the Labrador, and Torrens remained with the family, fishing and hunting. One evening he put on a splendid ring. The eldest girl admired it, and it was handed round, and a younger daughter said it was not so pretty as the one her father had taken off the lady's hand at Sable Island. "No, my dear," said the mother, rising and standing behind the captain's chair to make signs to the girl, "he got it from a Frenchman who picked it up from the sand there."

"Oh, I believe it was," said the girl, colouring and looking confused. He asked for a sight of the ring, and was told it was with a jeweller at Halifax for sale. The rest was easy. Twenty shillings had been advanced, and these the captain paid, securing the ring, which was at once recognized by the prince as a curious old family heirloom, and forwarding it to the lady's family.

Since the Dominion Government has taken charge of the island, the loss of life and shipping has steadily decreased. The lighthouse and life-saving establishments have been constantly improved, wrecks are consequently fewer, and the percentage of lives saved larger. In fact, very little loss of life has been reported since 1873, when

the present lighthouses were constructed. The Government stations on the island number six, including two lighthouses, one at the east and the other at the west end. The lights show a distance of twenty miles. Three miles east of the west lighthouse is the main station, where a lifeboat crew is maintained, with a lifeboat, a surf-boat, and a line-throwing apparatus with a breeches buoy to carry the shipwrecked from the ships to the shore. Stations 2 and 3 are lookout places, furnished with shelter, food, and necessities for the shipwrecked. Station 4, which is two miles west of the east light, also has a lifeboat service, with complete line-throwing apparatus. During thick weather, and in snowstorms, the entire sea-front is patrolled twice a day. At other times the guardian of each station must patrol the coast between his station and the next from dawn to dusk. Each station is in charge of a married man, and there are consequently six wives and families on the island. The entire crew on the island numbers sixteen, and the whole number of souls is forty-five. The stations are connected by telephone, and the island ponies are utilized for the lifeboat and other services. The island is the property of the Government of Canada, and no one is allowed to reside there except the Government staff. The Canadian Government has some assistance from the British Government in maintaining the service. Communication with the mainland is carried on by Government steamers, but it is not always possible to effect a landing. At times the sea is so quiet a man might go ashore in a canoe, but when the wind blows fresh a landing is out of the question, and in average weather is always a matter of difficulty, if not

of danger. A sample of the ordinary conditions was experienced during the October visit already referred to. An account of the trip says: "All kinds of weather prevailed during this visit, affording opportunities to view Old Neptune's arts in all his varied moods. On Friday a gentle southern breeze fanned the warm air about our faces as we rowed shoreward from the ship, to be gently borne on the sandy beach by the lazy rollers. Six hours later a southern gale sent the angry sea mountains high, tumbling pell-mell with a sullen roar, and covered with seething foam all along the southern shore, and far out on the sunken bars. On Saturday a sudden shift of wind brought the seas to lash the northern seaboard, and sent the foaming crests of the breakers flying in clouds of spray as they rolled shoreward. The scene on both sides of the island was one of awful grandeur, and impressed the beholder with a sense of the utter helplessness of the unlucky mariner caught in the grasp of those giant briny waves, goaded to fury under the stinging lash of Boreas. At such times the desolating grandeur of Sable Island can be appreciated but from one point of view, and we, fortunately, occupied comfortable front seats in Nature's art gallery."

Sooner or later, a great expenditure must be made to preserve the Island.



THE SABLE ISLAND LIFE SAVING BOAT DRAWN BY FIVE PONIES

# THE FOUR FEATHERS\*

By A. E. W. MASON

Author of "The Philanderers," "The Courtship of Morrice Butler," "Parson Kelly," Etc., Etc.

## CHAPTER I.—A CRIMEAN NIGHT.

LIEUTENANT SUTCH was the first of General Feversham's guests to reach Broad Place. He arrived about five o'clock on an afternoon of sunshine in mid June, and the old red-brick house, lodged on a southern slope of the Surrey hills, was glowing from a dark forest depth of pines with the warmth of a rare jewel. Lieutenant Sutch limped across the hall, where the portraits of the Fevershams rose one above the other to the ceiling, and out on to the stone-flagged terrace at the back. There he found his host sitting erect like a boy, and gazing southward towards the Sussex Downs.

"How's the leg?" asked General Feversham, as he rose briskly from his chair. He was a small wiry man, and, in spite of his white hairs, alert. But the alertness was of the body. A bony face with a high narrow forehead and steel-blue inexpressive eyes suggested a barrenness of mind.

"It gave me trouble during the winter," replied Sutch. "But that was to be expected." General Feversham nodded, and for a little while both men were silent. From the terrace the ground fell steeply to a wide level plain of brown earth and emerald fields and dark clumps of trees. From this plain voices rose through the sunshine, small, but very clear. Far away towards Horsham a coil of white smoke from a train snaked rapidly in and out amongst the trees; and on the horizon, patched with white chalk, rose the Downs.

"I thought that I should find you here," said Sutch.

"It was my wife's favourite corner," answered Feversham in a quite emotionless voice. "She would sit here by the hour. She had a queer liking for wide and empty spaces."

"Yes," said Sutch. "She had imagination. Her thoughts could people them."

General Feversham glanced at his companion as though he hardly understood. But he asked no questions. What he did not understand he habitually let slip from his mind as not worth comprehension. He spoke at once upon a different topic.

"There will be a leaf out of our table to-night."

"Yes. Collins, Barberton, and Vaughan went this winter. Well, we are all permanently shelved upon the world's half-pay list as it is. The obituary column is just the last formality which gazettes us out of the service altogether," and Sutch stretched out and eased his crippled leg which, fourteen years ago that day, had been crushed and twisted in the fall of a scaling-ladder.

"I am glad that you came before the others," continued Feversham. "I would like to take your opinion. This day is more to me than the anniversary of our attack upon the Redan. At the very moment when we were standing under arms in the dark——"

"To the west of the quarries, I remember," interrupted Sutch with a

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deep breath. "How should one forget?"

"At that very moment Harry was born in this house. I thought, therefore, that if you did not object he might join us to-night. He happens to be at home. He will, of course, enter the service, and he might learn something, perhaps, which afterwards will be of use—one never knows."

"By all means," said Sutch with alacrity. For since his visits to General Feversham were limited to the occasion of these anniversary dinners, he had never yet seen Harry Feversham.

Sutch had for many years been puzzled as to the qualities in General Feversham which had attracted Muriel Graham, a woman as remarkable for the refinement of her intellect as for the beauty of her person; and he could never find an explanation. He had to be content with his knowledge that for some mysterious reason she had married this man so much older than herself, and so unlike to her in character. Personal courage and an indomitable self-confidence were the chief, indeed, the only qualities which sprang to light in him. Lieutenant Sutch went back in thought over twenty years as he sat on his garden chair, to a time before he had taken part, as an officer of the Naval Brigade, in that unsuccessful onslaught on the Redan. He remembered a season in London to which he had come fresh from the China Station; and he was curious to see Harry Feversham. He did not admit that it was more than the natural curiosity of a man who, disabled in comparative youth, had made a hobby out of the study of human nature. He was interested to see whether the lad took after his mother or his father—that was all.

So that night Harry Feversham took a place at the dinner-table and listened to the stories which his elders told, while Lieutenant Sutch watched him. The stories were all of that dark winter in the Crimea, and a fresh story was always in the telling before its predecessor was ended. They were stories of death, of hazardous exploits; of the pinch of famine and the chill of snow.

But they were told in clipped words and with a matter-of-fact tone, as though the men who related them were only conscious of them as far-off things; and there was seldom a comment more pronounced than a mere "that's curious," or an exclamation more significant than a laugh.

But Harry Feversham sat listening as though the incidents thus carelessly narrated were happening actually at that moment and within the walls of that room. His dark eyes—the eyes of his mother—turned with each story from speaker to speaker, and waited wide-open and fixed until the last word was spoken. He listened fascinated and enthralled. And so vividly did the changes of expression shoot and quiver across his face, that it seemed to Sutch the lad must actually hear the drone of bullets in the air, actually resist the stunning shock of a charge, actually ride down in the thick of a squadron to where guns screeched out a tongue of flame from a fog. Once a major of artillery spoke of the suspense of the hours between the parading of the troops before a battle and the first command to advance; and Harry's shoulders worked under the intolerable strain of those lagging minutes.

But he did more than work his shoulder. He threw a single furtive waver- ing glance backwards; and Lieutenant Sutch was startled, and indeed more than startled, he was pained. For this after all was Muriel Graham's boy.

The look was too familiar a one to Sutch. He had seen it too often on the faces of recruits during their first experience of a battle for him to misunderstand it. And one picture in particular rose before his mind. An advancing square at Inkerman, and a tall, big soldier rushing forward from the line in the eagerness of his attack, and then stopping suddenly as though he suddenly understood that he was alone, and had to meet alone the charge of a mounted Cossack. Sutch remembered very clearly the fatal waver- ing glance which the big soldier had thrown backwards towards his com-



panions, a glance accompanied by a queer, sickly smile. He remembered too, with equal vividness, its consequence. For though the soldier carried a loaded musket and a bayonet locked to the muzzle, he had without an effort of self-defence received the Cossack's lance-thrust in his throat.

Sutch glanced hurriedly about the table, afraid that General Feversham, or that some one of his guests, should have remarked the same look and the same smile upon Harry's face. But no one had eyes for the lad; each visitor waiting too eagerly for an opportunity to tell a story of his own. Sutch drew a breath of relief and turned to Harry. But the boy was sitting with his elbows on the cloth and his head propped between his hands, lost to the glare of the room and its glitter of silver, constructing again out of the swift succession of anecdotes a world of cries and wounds, and maddened, riderless chargers and men writhing in a fog of cannon-smoke. The curtest, least graphic description of the biting days and nights in the trenches set the lad shivering. Even his face grew pinched, as though the iron frost of that winter was actually eating into his bones. Sutch touched him lightly on the elbow.

"You renew those days for me," said he. "Though the heat is dripping down the windows, I feel the chill of the Crimea."

Harry roused himself from his absorption.

"The stories renew them," said he.

"No. It is you listening to the stories."

And before Harry could reply, General Feversham's voice broke sharply in from the head of the table:

"Harry, look at the clock!"

At once all eyes were turned upon the lad. The hands of the clock made the acutest of angles. It was close upon midnight. From eight o'clock, without so much as a word or a question, he had sat at the dinner-table listening. Yet even now he rose with reluctance.

"Must I go, father?" he asked,

and the General's guests intervened in a chorus. The conversation was clear gain to the lad, a first taste of powder which might stand him in good stead afterwards.

"Besides, it's the boy's birthday," added the major of artillery. "He wants to stay, that's plain. You wouldn't find a youngster of fourteen sit all these hours without a kick of the foot against the table-leg unless the conversation entertained him. Let him stay, Feversham!"

For once General Feversham relaxed the iron discipline under which the boy lived.

"Very well," said he. "Harry shall have an hour's furlough from his bed. A single hour won't make much difference."

Harry's eyes turned towards his father, and just for a moment rested upon his face with a curious steady gaze. It seemed to Sutch that they uttered a question, and, rightly or wrongly, he translated the question into words:

"Are you blind?"

But General Feversham was already talking to his neighbours, and Harry quietly sat down, and again propping his chin upon his hands, listened with all his soul. Yet he was not entertained; rather he was enthralled, he sat quiet under the compulsion of a spell. His face became unnaturally white, his eyes unnaturally large, while the flames of the candles shone redder and more blurred through a blue haze of tobacco-smoke, and the level of the wine grew steadily lower in the decanters.

Thus half of that one hour's furlough was passed; and then General Feversham, himself jogged by the unlucky mention of a name, suddenly blurted out in his jerky fashion:

"Lord Wilmington. One of the best names in England if you please. Did you ever see his house in Warwickshire? Every inch of the ground you would think would have a voice to bid him play the man, if only in remembrance of his fathers. . . . It seemed incredible and mere camp rumour, but the rumour grew. If it was

whispered at the Alma, it was spoken aloud at Inkerman, it was shouted at Balaclava. Before Sebastapol the hideous thing was proved. Wilmington was acting as galloper to his General. I believe upon my soul the General chose him for the duty, so that the fellow might set himself right. There were three hundred yards of bullet-swept flat ground, and a message to be carried across them. Had Wilmington toppled off his horse on the way, why there were the whispers silenced for ever. Had he ridden through alive he earned distinction besides. But he didn't dare, he refused! Imagine it if you can! He sat shaking on his horse and declined. You should have seen the General. His face turned the colour of that Burgundy. 'No doubt you have a previous engagement,' he said, in the politest voice you ever heard—just that, not a word of abuse. A previous engagement on the battle-field! For the life of me I could hardly help laughing. But it was a tragic business for Wilmington. He was broken of course, and slunk back to London. Every house was closed to him, he dropped out of his circle like a lead bullet you let slip out of your hand into the sea. The very women in Piccadilly spat if he spoke to them; and he blew his brains out in a back bedroom off the Haymarket. Curious that, eh? He hadn't the pluck to face the bullets when his name was at stake, yet he could blow his own brains out afterwards."

Lieutenant Sutch chanced to look at the clock as the story came to an end. It was now a quarter to one. Harry Feversham had still a quarter of an hour's furlough, and that quarter of an hour was occupied by a retired surgeon-general with a great wagging beard, who sat nearly opposite to the boy.

"I can tell you an incident still more curious," he said. "The man in this case had never been under fire before, but he was of my own profession. Life and death were part of his business. Nor was he really in any par-

ticular danger. The affair happened during a hill campaign in India. We were encamped in a valley, and a few Pathans used to lie out on the hillside at night and take long shots into the camp. A bullet ripped through the canvas of the hospital tent—that was all. The surgeon crept out to his own quarters, and his orderly discovered him half-an-hour afterwards lying in his blood stone dead."

"Hit?" exclaimed the Major.

"Not a bit of it," said the surgeon.

"He had quietly opened his instrument-case in the dark, taken out a lancet and severed his femoral artery. Sheer panic, do you see, at the whistle of a bullet."

Even upon these men, case-hardened to horrors, the incident related in its bald simplicity wrought its effect. From some there broke a half-uttered exclamation of disbelief; others moved restlessly in their chairs with a sort of physical discomfort, because a man had sunk so far below humanity. Here an officer gulped his wine, there a second shook his shoulders as though to shake the knowledge off as a dog shakes water. There was only one in all that company who sat perfectly still in the silence which followed upon the story. That one was the boy, Harry Feversham.

He sat with his hands now clenched upon his knees and leaning forward a little across the table towards the surgeon; his cheeks white as paper, his eyes burning and burning with ferocity. He had the look of a dangerous animal in the trap. His body was gathered, his muscles taut. Sutch had a fear that the lad meant to leap across the table and strike with all his strength in the savagery of despair. He had indeed reached out a restraining hand when General Feversham's matter-of-fact voice intervened, and the boy's attitude suddenly relaxed.

"Queer, incomprehensible things happen. Here are two of them. You can only say they are the truth and pray God you may forget 'em. But you can't explain, for you can't understand."

Sutch was moved to lay his hand upon Harry's shoulder.

"Can you?" he asked, and regretted the question almost before it was spoken. But it was spoken, and Harry's eyes turned swiftly towards Sutch, and rested upon his face, not, however, with any betrayal of guilt, but quietly, inscrutably. Nor did he answer the question, although it was answered in a fashion by General Feversham.

"Harry understand!" exclaimed the General with a snort of indignation. "How should he? He's a Feversham."

The question, which Harry's glance had mutely put before, Sutch in the same mute way repeated. "Are you blind?" his eyes asked of General Feversham. Never had he heard an untruth so demonstrably untrue. A mere look at the father and the son proved it so. Harry Feversham wore his father's name, but he had his mother's dark and haunted eyes, his mother's breadth of forehead, his mother's delicacy of profile, his mother's imagination. It needed, perhaps, a stranger to recognize the truth. The father had been so long familiar with his son's aspect that it had no significance to his mind.

"Look at the clock, Harry!"

The hour's furlough had run out. Harry rose from his chair and drew a breath.

"Good-night, sir," he said, and walked to the door.

The servants had long since gone to bed; and, as Harry opened the door, the hall gaped black like the mouth of night. For a second or two the boy hesitated upon the threshold, and seemed almost to shrink back into the lighted room as though in that dark void peril awaited him. And peril did—the peril of his thoughts.

He stepped out of the room and closed the door behind him. The decanter was sent again upon its rounds, there was a popping of soda-water bottles, the talk revolved again in its accustomed groove. Harry was in an instant forgotten by all but Sutch.

The Lieutenant, although he prided himself upon his impartial and disinterested study of human nature, was the kindest of men. He had more kindness than observation by a great deal. Moreover, there were special reasons which caused him to take an interest in Harry Feversham. He sat for a little while with the air of a man profoundly disturbed. Then, acting upon an impulse, he went to the door, opened it noiselessly, as noiselessly passed out, and, without so much as a click of the latch, closed the door behind him.

And this is what he saw: Harry Feversham holding in the centre of the hall a lighted candle high above his head and looking up towards the portraits of the Fevershams as they mounted the walls and were lost in the darkness of the roof. A muffled sound of voices came from the other side of the door-panels. But the hall itself was silent. Harry stood remarkably still, and the only thing which moved at all was the yellow flame of the candle as it flickered apparently in some faint draught. The light wavered across the portraits, glowing here upon a red coat, glittering there upon a corslet of steel. For there was not one man's portrait upon the walls which did not glisten with the colours of a uniform, and there were the portraits of many men. Father and son, the Fevershams had been soldiers from the very birth of the family. Father and son, in lace collars and bucket boots, in Ramillies wigs and steel breastplates, in velvet coats with powder on their hair, in shakos and swallow-tails, in high stocks and frogged coats, they looked down upon this last Feversham, summoning him to the like service. They were men of one stamp; no distinction of uniform could obscure their relationship—lean-faced men, hard as iron, rugged in feature, thin-lipped, with firm chins, and straight, level mouths, narrow foreheads, and the steel-blue inexpressive eyes; men of courage and resolution, no doubt, but without subtleties, or nerves, or that burdensome

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gift of imagination; sturdy men, a little wanting in delicacy, hardly conspicuous for intellect; to put it frankly, men rather stupid—all of them, in a word, first-class fighting men, but not one of them a first-class soldier.

But Harry Feversham plainly saw none of their defects. To him they were one and all portentous and terrible. He stood before them in the attitude of a criminal before his judges reading his condemnation in their cold unchanging eyes. Lieutenant Sutch understood more clearly why the flame of the candle flickered. There was no draught in the hall, but the boy's hand shook. And finally, as though he had heard the mute voices of his judges delivering sentence and admitted its justice, he actually bowed to the portraits on the wall. As he raised his head, he saw Lieutenant Sutch in the embrasure of the doorway.

He did not start, he uttered no word; he let his eyes quietly rest upon Sutch and waited. Of the two it was the man who was embarrassed.

"Harry," he said, and in spite of his embarrassment he had the tact to use the tone and the language of one addressing not a boy, but a comrade equal in years, "we meet for the first time to-night. But I knew your mother a long time ago. I like to think that I have the right to call her by that much-misused word—friend. Have you anything to tell me?"

"Nothing," said Harry.

"The mere telling sometimes lightens a trouble."

"It is kind of you. There is nothing."

Lieutenant Sutch was rather at a loss. The lad's loneliness made a strong appeal to him. For lonely the boy could not but be, set apart as he was no less unmistakably in mind as in feature from his father and his father's fathers. Yet what more could he do? His tact again came to his aid. He took his card-case from his pocket.

"You will find my address upon this card. Perhaps some day you will give me a few days of your company. I

can offer you on my side a day or two's hunting."

A spasm of pain shook for a fleeting moment the boy's steady inscrutable face. It passed, however, swiftly as it had come.

"Thank you, sir," Harry monotonously repeated. "You are very kind."

"And if ever you want to talk over a difficult question with an older man, I am at your service."

He spoke purposely in a formal voice lest Harry with a boy's sensitiveness should think he laughed. Harry took the card and repeated his thanks. Then he went upstairs to bed.

Lieutenant Sutch waited uncomfortably in the hall until the light of the candle had diminished and disappeared. Something was amiss, he was very sure. There were words which he should have spoken to the boy, but he had not known how to set about the task. He returned to the dining-room, and with a feeling that he was almost repairing his omissions, he filled his glass and called for silence.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is June 15th," and there was great applause and much rapping on the table. "It is the anniversary of our attack upon the Redan. It is also Harry Feversham's birthday. For us, our work is done. I ask you to drink the health of one of the youngsters who are ousting us. His work lies before him. The traditions of the Feversham family are very well known to us. May Harry Feversham carry them on! May he add distinction to a distinguished name!"

At once all that company was on its feet.

"Harry Feversham!"

The name was shouted with so hearty a good will that the glasses on the table rang. "Harry Feversham, Harry Feversham," the cry was repeated and repeated, while old General Feversham sat in his chair, with a face aflush with pride. And a boy a minute afterwards in a room high up in the house heard the muffled words of a chorus:

For he's a jolly good fellow,  
 For he's a jolly good fellow,  
 For he's a jolly good fellow,  
 And so say all of us,

and believed the guests upon this Crimean night were drinking his father's health. He turned over in his bed and lay shivering. He saw in his mind a broken officer slinking at night

in the shadows of the London streets. He pushed back the flap of a tent and stooped over a man lying stone-dead in his blood, with an open lancet clenched in his right hand. And he saw that the face of the broken officer, and the face of the dead surgeon were one; and that one face, the face of Harry Feversham.



#### CHAPTER II.—CAPTAIN TRENCH AND A TELEGRAM.

Thirteen years later, and in the same month of June Harry Feversham's health was drunk again, but after a quieter fashion, and in a smaller company. The company was gathered in a room high up in a shapeless block of buildings which frowns like a fortress over Westminster. A stranger crossing St. James's Park southwards, over the suspension bridge, at night, who chanced to lift his eyes and see suddenly the tiers of lighted windows towering above him to so precipitous a height, might be brought to a stop with the fancy that here in the heart of London was a mountain and the gnomes at work. Upon the tenth floor of this building Harry had taken a flat during his year's furlough from his regiment in India; and it was in the dining-room of this flat that the simple ceremony took place. The room was furnished in a dark and restful fashion, and since the chill of the weather belied the calendar, a comfortable fire blazed in the hearth. A bay window over which the blinds had not been lowered commanded London.

There were four men smoking about the dinner-table. Harry Feversham was unchanged except for a fair moustache which contrasted with his dark hair, and the natural consequences of growth. He was now a man of middle height, long limbed and well knit like an athlete, but his features had not altered since that night when they had been so closely scrutinized by Lieutenant Sutch. Of his companions two were brother-officers on leave in England, like himself,

whom he had that afternoon picked up at his club. Captain Trench, a small man, growing bald, with a small, sharp, resourceful face, and black eyes of a remarkable activity, and Lieutenant Willoughby, an officer of quite a different stamp. A round forehead, a thick snub nose, and a pair of vacant and protruding eyes gave to him an aspect of invincible stupidity. He spoke but seldom, and never to the point, but rather to some point long forgotten which he had since been laboriously revolving in his mind; and he continually twisted a moustache, of which the ends curled up towards his eyes with a ridiculous ferocity. A man whom one would dismiss from mind as of no consequence upon a first thought, and take again into one's consideration upon a second. For he was born stubborn as well as stupid; and the harm which his stupidity might do, his stubbornness would hinder him from admitting. He was not a man to be persuaded; having few ideas he clung to them; it was no use to argue with him, for he did not hear the argument, but behind his vacant eyes all the while he turned over his crippled thoughts and was satisfied. The fourth at the table was Durrance, a lieutenant of the East Surrey Regiment, and Feversham's friend, who had come in answer to a telegram.

This was June of the year 1882, and the thoughts of civilians turned towards Egypt with anxiety, those of soldiers with an eager anticipation. Arabi Pasha, in spite of threats, was steadily strengthening the fortifications of Alexandria, and already a long



way to the south, the other, the great danger, was swelling like a thunder-cloud. A year had passed since a young, slight, and tall Dongolawi, Mohammed Ahmed, had marched through the villages of the White Nile, preaching with the fire of a Wesley the coming of a Saviour. The passionate victims of the Turkish tax-gatherer had listened, had heard the promise repeated in the whispers of the wind in the withered grass, had found the holy names imprinted even upon the eggs they gathered up. In 1882 Mohammed had declared himself that Saviour, and had won his first battles against the Turks.

"There will be trouble," said Trench, and the sentence was the text on which three of the four men talked. In a rare interval, however, the fourth, Harry Feversham, spoke upon a different subject.

"I am very glad you were all able to dine with me to-night. I telegraphed to Castleton as well, an officer of ours," he explained to Durrance, "but he was dining with a big man from the War Office, and leaves for Scotland afterwards, so that he could not come. I have news of a sort."

The three men leaned forward, their minds still full of the dominant subject, but it was not about the prospect of war that Harry Feversham had to speak.

"I only reached London this morning from Dublin," he said with a shade of embarrassment. "I have been some weeks in Dublin."

Durrance lifted his eyes from the tablecloth and looked quietly at his friend.

"Yes?" he asked steadily.

"I have come back engaged to be married."

Durrance lifted his glass to his lips.

"Well, here's luck to you, Harry," he said, and that was all. The wish, indeed, was almost curtly expressed, but there was nothing wanting in it to Feversham's ears. The friendship between these two men was not one in which affectionate phrases had any part. There was, in truth, no need of

such. Both men were securely conscious of it; they estimated it at its true, strong value; it was a helpful instrument which would not wear out, put into their hands for a hard, life-long use; but it was not, and never had been, spoken of between them. Both men were grateful for it, as for a rare and undeserved gift; yet both knew that it might entail an obligation of sacrifice. But the sacrifices, were they needful, would be made, and they would not be mentioned. It may be, indeed, that the very knowledge of its strength constrained them to a particular reticence in their words to one another.

"Thank you, Jack!" said Feversham. "I am glad of your good wishes. It was you who introduced me to Ethne. I cannot forget it."

Durrance set his glass down without any haste. There followed a moment of silence, during which he sat with his eyes upon the tablecloth, and his hands resting on the table-edge.

"Yes," he said in a level voice. "I did you a good turn then."

He seemed on the point of saying something more, and doubtful how to say it. But Captain Trench's sharp, quick, practical voice, a voice which fitted the man who spoke, saved him his pains.

"Will this make any difference?" asked Trench.

Feversham replaced his cigar between his lips.

"You mean, shall I leave the service?" he asked slowly. "I don't know;" and Durrance seized the opportunity to rise from the table and cross to the window, where he stood with his back to his companions. Feversham took the abrupt movement for a reproach, and spoke to Durrance's back, not to Trench.

"I don't know," he repeated. "It will need thought. There is much to be said. On the one side, of course, there's my father, my career, such as it is. On the other hand, there is her father, Dermod Eustace."

"He wishes you to chuck your commission?" asked Willoughby.

"He has no doubt the Irishman's objection to constituted authority," said Trench with a laugh. "But need you subscribe to it, Feversham?"

"It is not merely that." It was still to Durrance's back that he addressed his excuses. "Dermod is old, his estates going to ruin, and there are other things. You know, Jack?" The direct appeal he had to repeat, and then Durrance answered it absently:

"Yes, I know," and he added like one quoting a catch-word, "'If you want any whiskey, rap twice on the floor with your foot. The servants understand.'"

"Precisely," said Feversham. He continued, carefully weighing his words, and still intently looking across the shoulders of his companions to his friend.

"Besides, there is Ethne herself. Dermot for once did an appropriate thing when he gave her that name. For she is of her country, and more of her country. She has the love of it in her bones. I do not think that she could be quite happy in India, or indeed in any place which was not within reach of Donegal, the smell of its peat, its streams, and the brown friendliness of its hills. One has to consider that."

He waited for an answer, and getting none went on again. Durrance, however, had no thought of reproach in his mind. He knew that Feversham was speaking—he wished very much that he would continue to speak for a little while—but he paid no heed to what was said. He stood looking steadfastly out of the windows. Over against him was the glare from Pall Mall striking upwards to the sky, and the chains of lights banked one above the other as the town rose northwards, and a rumble as of a million carriages was in his ears. At his feet, very far below, lay St. James's Park, silent and black, a quiet pool of darkness in the midst of glitter and noise. Durrance had a great desire to escape out of this room into its secrecy. But that he could not do without remark. There-

fore he kept his back turned to his companion and leaned his forehead against the window, and hoped his friend would continue to talk. For he was face to face with one of the sacrifices which must not be mentioned, and which no sign must betray.

Feversham did continue, and if Durrance did not listen, on the other hand Captain Trench gave to him his closest attention. But it was evident that Harry Feversham was giving reasons seriously considered. He was not making excuses, and in the end Captain Trench was satisfied.

"Well, I drink to you, Feversham," he said, "with all the proper sentiments."

"I too, old man," said Willoughby, obediently following his senior's lead.

Thus they drank their comrade's health, and as their empty glasses rattled on the table, there came a knock upon the door.

The two officers looked up. Durrance turned about from the window. Feversham said, "Come in;" and his servant brought in to him a telegram.

Feversham tore open the envelope carelessly, as carelessly read through the telegram, and then sat very still with his eyes upon the slip of pink paper, and his face grown at once extremely grave. Thus he sat for an appreciable time, not so much stunned as thoughtful. And in the room there was a complete silence. Feversham's three guests averted their eyes. Durrance turned again to his window; Willoughby twisted his moustache and gazed intently upwards at the ceiling; Captain Trench shifted his chair round and stared into the glowing fire, and each man's attitude expressed a certain suspense. It seemed that sharp upon the heels of Feversham's good news calamity had come knocking at the door.

"There is no answer," said Harry, and fell to silence again. Once he raised his head and looked at Trench as though he had a mind to speak. But he thought the better of it, and so dropped again to the consideration of this message. And in a moment or

two the silence was sharply interrupted, but not by any one of the expectant motionless three men seated in the room. The interruption came from without.

From the parade ground of Wellington Barracks the drums and fifes sounding the tattoo shrilled through the open window with a startling clearness like a sharp summons, and diminished as the band marched away across the gravel and again grew loud. Feversham did not change his attitude, but the look upon his face was now that of a man listening, and listening thoughtfully, just as he had read thoughtfully. In the years which followed, that moment was to recur again and again to the recollection of each of Harry's three guests. The lighted room, with the bright homely fire, the open window overlooking the myriad lamps of London, Harry Feversham seated with the telegram spread before him, the drums and fifes calling loudly and then dwindling to a music very small and pretty—music which beckoned, where a moment ago it had commanded; all these details made up a picture of which the colours were not to fade by any lapse of time, although its significance was not apprehended now.

It was remembered that Feversham rose abruptly from his chair, just before the tattoo ceased. He crumpled the telegram loosely in his hands, tossed it into the fire, and then, leaning his back against the chimney-piece and upon one side of the fireplace, said again:

"I don't know," as though he had thrust that message, whatever it might be, from his mind, and was summing up in this indefinite way the argument which had gone before. Thus that long silence was broken, and a spell was lifted. But the fire took hold upon the telegram and shook it, so that it moved like a thing alive and in pain. It twisted, and part of it unrolled, and for a second lay open and smooth of creases, lit up by the flame and as yet untouched; so that two or three words sprang, as it were, out of a yellow

glare of fire and were legible. Then the flame seized upon that smooth part too, and in a moment it shrivelled into black tatters. But Captain Trench was all this while staring into the fire.

"You return to Dublin, I suppose?" said Durrance. He had moved back again into the room. Like his companions, he was conscious of an unexplained relief.

"To Dublin, no. I go to Donegal in three weeks' time. There is to be a dance. It is hoped you will come."

"I am not sure that I can manage it. There is just a chance, I believe, should trouble come in the East, that I may go out on the Staff." The talk thus came round again to the chances of peace and war, and held in that quarter till the boom of the Westminster clock told that the hour was eleven. Captain Trench rose from his seat on the last stroke; Willoughby and Durrance followed his example.

"I shall see you to-morrow," said Durrance to Feversham.

"As usual," replied Harry; and his three guests descended from his rooms and walked across the Park together. At the corner of Pall Mall, however, they parted company, Durrance mounting St. James' Street, while Trench and Willoughby crossed the road into St. James's Square. There Trench slipped his arm through Willoughby's, to Willoughby's surprise; for Trench was an undemonstrative man.

"You know Castleton's address?" he asked.

"Albemarle Street," Willoughby answered, and added the number.

"He leaves Euston at twelve o'clock. It is now ten minutes past eleven. Are you curious, Willoughby? I confess to curiosity. I am an inquisitive methodical person, and when a man gets a telegram bidding him tell Trench something and he tells Trench nothing, I am curious as a philosopher to know what that something is! Castleton is the only other officer of our regiment in London. Castleton, too, was dining with a big man from the War Office. I think that if we take a hansom to Albemarle Street we shall just

catch Castleton upon his door-step."

Mr. Willoughby, who understood very little of Trench's meaning, nevertheless cordially agreed to the proposal.

"I think it would be prudent," said he, and he hailed a passing cab. A moment later the two men were driving to Albemarle Street.



#### CHAPTER III.—THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER.

Durrance, meanwhile, walked to his lodging alone, remembering a day, now two years since, when by a curious whim of old Dermot Eustace, he had been fetched against his will to the house by the Lennon river in Donegal, and there, to his surprise, had been made acquainted with Dermot's daughter Ethne. For she surprised all who had first held speech with the father. Durrance had stayed for a night in the house, and through that evening she had played upon her violin, seated with her back towards her audience, as was her custom when she played, lest a look or a gesture should interrupt the concentration of her thoughts. The melodies which she had played rang in his ears now. For the girl possessed the gift of music, and the strings of her violin spoke to the questions of her bow. There was in particular an overture—the *Melusine* overture—which had the very sob of the waves. Durrance had listened wondering, for the violin had spoken to him of many things of which the girl who played it could know nothing. It had spoken of long perilous journeys and the faces of strange countries; of the silver way across moonlit seas; of the beckoning voices from the under edges of the desert. It had taken a deeper, a more mysterious tone. It had told of great joys, quite unattainable, and of great griefs too, eternal, and with a sort of nobility by reason of their greatness; and of many unformulated longings beyond the reach of words; but with never a single note of mere complaint. So it had seemed to Durrance that night as he had sat listening while Ethne's face was turned away. So it seemed to him now when he knew that her face was still to be turned away for all his days. He had drawn a thought from her playing which he was at some

pains to keep definite in his mind. The true music cannot complain.

Therefore it was that as he rode the next morning into the Row his blueeyes looked out upon the world from his bronzed face with not a jot less of his usual friendliness. He waited at half-past nine by the clump of lilacs and laburnums at the end of the sand, but Harry Feversham did not join him that morning, nor indeed for the next three weeks. Ever since the two men had graduated from Oxford it had been their custom to meet at this spot and hour, when both chanced to be in town, and Durrance was puzzled. It seemed to him that he had lost his friend as well.

Meanwhile, however, the rumours of war grew to a certainty, and when at last Feversham kept the tryst, Durrance had news.

"I told you luck might look my way. Well, she has. I go out to Egypt on General Graham's Staff. There's talk we may run down the Red Sea to Suakim afterwards."

The exhilaration of his voice brought an unmistakable envy into Feversham's eyes. It seemed strange to Durrance even at that moment of his good luck, that Harry Feversham should envy him—strange and rather pleasant. But he interpreted the envy in the light of his own ambitions.

"It is rough on you," he said sympathetically, "that your regiment has to stay behind."

Feversham rode by his friend's side in silence. Then, as they came to the chairs beneath the trees, he said:

"That was expected. That day you dined with me I sent in my papers."

"That night?" said Durrance, turning in his saddle. "After we had gone?"

"Yes," said Feversham, accepting

the correction. He wondered whether it had been intended. But Durrance rode silently forward. Again Harry Feversham was conscious of a reproach in his friend's silence, and again he was wrong. For Durrance suddenly spoke heartily, and with a laugh.

"I remember. You gave us your reasons that night. But for the life of me I can't help wishing that we had been going out together. When do you leave for Ireland?"

"To-night."

"So soon?"

They turned their horses and rode westwards again down the alley of trees. The morning was still fresh. The limes and chestnuts had lost nothing of their early green, and since the May was late that year, its blossoms still hung delicately white like snow upon the branches, and shone red against the dark rhododendrons. The Park shimmered in a haze of sunlight, and the distant roar of the streets was as the tumbling of river water.

"It is a long time since we bathed in Sandford Lasher," said Durrance.

"Or froze in the Easter vacations in the big snow-gully on Great End," returned Feversham. Both men had the feeling that on this morning a volume in their book of life was ended, and since the volume had been a pleasant one to read, and they did not know whether its successors would sustain its promise, they were looking backwards through the leaves before they put it finally away.

"You must stay with us, Jack, when you come back," said Feversham.

Durrance had schooled himself not to wince, and he did not even at that anticipatory "us." If his left hand tightened upon the thongs of his reins, the sign could not be detected by his friend.

"If I come back," said Durrance.

"You know my creed. I could never pity a man who died on active service. I would very much like to come by that end myself."

It was a quite simple creed, consistent with the simplicity of the man who

uttered it. It amounted to no more than this: that to die decently was worth a good many years of life. So that he uttered it without melancholy or any sign of foreboding. Even so, however, he had a fear that perhaps his friend might place another interpretation upon the words, and he looked quickly into his face. He only saw again, however, that puzzling look of envy in Feversham's eyes.

"You see there are worse things which can happen," he continued.

"Disablement, for instance. Clever men could make a shift perhaps to put up with it. But what in the world should I do if I had to sit in a chair all my days? It makes me shiver to think of it," and he shook his broad shoulders to unsaddle that fear. "Well, this is the last ride. Let us gallop," and he let out his horse.

Feversham followed his example, and, side by side, they went racing down the sand. At the bottom of the Row they stopped, shook hands, and with the curtest of nods parted. Feversham rode out of the Park, Durrance turned back and walked his horse up towards the seats beneath the trees.

Even as a boy in his home in Devonshire upon a wooded creek of the Salcombe estuary, he had always been conscious of a certain restlessness, a desire to sail down that creek and out over the levels of the sea, a dream of queer outlandish countries and peoples beyond the dark familiar woods. And the restlessness had grown upon him, so that "Guessens," even when he had inherited it with his farms and lands, had remained always in his thoughts as a place to come home to rather than an estate to occupy a life. He purposely exaggerated that restlessness now, and purposely set against it words which Feversham had spoken, and which he knew to be true. Ethne Eustace would hardly be happy outside her county of Donegal. Therefore, even had things fallen out differently, as he phrased it, there might have been a clash. Perhaps it was as well that Harry Feversham was to marry Ethne, and not another than Feversham.



Thus at all events he argued as he rode, until the riders vanished from before his eyes, and the ladies in their coloured frocks beneath the cool of the trees. The trees themselves dwindled to ragged mimosas, the brown sand at his feet spread out in a widening circumference and took the bright colour of honey; and upon the empty sand black stones began to heap themselves shapelessly like coal, and to flash in the sun like mirrors. He was deep in his anticipations of the Sudan, when he heard his name called out softly in a woman's voice, and, looking up, found himself close by the rails.

"How do you do, Mrs. Adair?" said he, and stopped his horse. Mrs. Adair gave him her hand across the rails. She was Durrance's neighbour at Southpool, and by a year or two his elder—a tall woman remarkable for the many shades of her thick brown hair and the peculiar pallor on her face. But at this moment the face had brightened, there was a hint of colour in the cheeks.

"I have news for you," said Durrance. "Two special items, one, Harry Feversham is to be married."

"To whom?" asked the lady eagerly.

"You should know. It was in your house in Hill Street that Harry first met her. And I introduced him. He has been improving the acquaintance in Dublin."

But Mrs. Adair already understood; and it was plain that the news was welcome.

"Ethne Eustace," she cried. "They will be married soon?"

"There is nothing to prevent it."

"I am glad," and the lady sighed as though with relief. "What is your second item?"

"As good as the first. I go out on General Graham's Staff."

Mrs. Adair was silent. There came a look of anxiety into her eyes, and the colour died out of her face.

"You are very glad, I suppose," she said slowly.

Durrance's voice left her in no doubt.

"I should think I was. I go soon,

too, and the sooner the better. I will come and dine some night, if I may, before I go."

"My husband will be pleased to see you," said Mrs. Adair rather coldly. Durrance did not notice the coldness, however. He had his own reasons for making the most of the opportunity which had come his way; and he urged his enthusiasm, and laid it bare in words more for his own benefit than with any thought of Mrs. Adair. Indeed, he had always rather a vague impression of the lady. She was handsome in a queer, foreign way, not so uncommon along the coasts of Devonshire and Cornwall, and she had good hair, and was always well dressed. Moreover, she was friendly. And at that point Durrance's knowledge of her came to an end. Perhaps her chief merit in his eyes was that she had made friends with Ethne Eustace. But he was to become better acquainted with Mrs. Adair. He rode away from the Park with the old regret in his mind that the fortunes of himself and his friend were this morning finally severed. As a fact he had that morning set the strands of a new rope a-weaving which was to bring them together again in a strange and terrible relationship. Mrs. Adair followed him out of the Park, and walked home very thoughtfully.

Durrance had just one week wherein to provide his equipment and arrange his estate in Devonshire. It passed in a continuous hurry of preparation, so that his newspaper lay each day unfolded in his rooms. The General was to travel overland to Brindisi, and so on an evening of wind and rain towards the end of July Durrance stepped from the Dover Pier into the mail-boat for Calais. In spite of the rain and the gloomy night, a small crowd had gathered to give the General a send-off. As the ropes were cast off a feeble cheer was raised, and before the cheer had ended, Durrance found himself beset by a strange illusion. He was leaning upon the bulwarks idly wondering whether this was his last view of England, and with a wish that

some one of his friends had come down to see him go, when it seemed to him suddenly that his wish was answered. For he caught a glimpse of a man standing beneath a gas lamp, and that man was of the stature and wore the likeness of Harry Feversham. Durrance rubbed his eyes and looked again. But the wind made the tongue of light flicker uncertainly within the glass, the rain too blurred the quay. He could only be certain that a man was standing there, he could only vaguely distinguish beneath the lamp the whiteness of a face. It was an illusion, he said to himself. Harry Feversham was at that moment most likely listening to a girl playing the violin under a clear sky in a high garden of Donegal. But even as he was turning from the bulwarks, there came a lull of the wind, the lights burned bright and steady on the pier, and the face leaped from the shadows distinct in feature and expression. Durrance leaned out over the side of the boat.

"Harry!" he shouted at the top of a wondering voice.

But the figure beneath the lamp never stirred. The wind blew the lights again this way and that, the paddles churned the water, the mail-boat passed beyond the pier. It was an illusion, he repented, it was a coincidence. It was the face of a stranger very like to Harry Feversham. It could not be Feversham's, because the face which Durrance had seen so distinctly for a moment was a haggard wistful face, a face stamped with an extraordinary misery, the face of a man cast out from among his fellows.

Durrance had been very busy all that week. He had clean forgotten the arrival of that telegram and the suspense which the long perusal of it had caused. Moreover, his newspaper had lain unfolded in his rooms. But his friend Harry Feversham had come to see him off.

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### AS CHILDREN ALL.

SET not too wide ajar the gate of Truth !  
 Let not the glory shine upon us yet !  
 These human eyes of ours might blinded be  
 And being blind, all light we might forget.

Set not too wide ajar the gate of Truth !  
 Here in the twilight let us watch and wait ;  
 The narrow ray that from the portal gleams,  
 Reminds us God is near and very great.

Set not too wide ajar the gate of Truth !  
 Lest the loud pæan of angelic joys  
 Benumbs these unused ears of ours, and we  
 No longer hear—even the still small voice.

O, prating men, who claim to know it all,  
 O, foolish men, who fain would know too much,  
 'Twere best that we should reach that wondrous land,  
 As children all ; and learn its ways as such !

*W. H. Belford.*

# IN THE SECRET SERVICE

A Series of Thirteen Distinct Episodes

By ROBERT BUCKLEY

## EPISODE VIII.—THE SECRET OF THE NEW FRENCH GUN.

"ONE of the pleasantest expeditions that ever fell to my lot," said Anthony Hallam, spreading himself out like a man who deserved well of his country, "took place in Normandy, soon after the affair of the 'Pelion's' Signal-Book."

"Was it a return match?" I enquired.

"Something of the kind. But the Great 'Gun' business was by comparison a simple, straightforward affair, hardly worth mentioning."

I said that the story would be sure to interest me, who had such delight in such things.

"Yes; when the complication is interesting, or when the mystery is apparently inexplicable. But here we knew precisely what we had to do, where we had to do it, and all that was needed was to hit on a successful plan of operation."

"It appeared that the French had recently perfected a wonderful gun, vague reports of which had reached the British War Office. If one-half were true, this gun would make short work of any other artillery in the world, the poor English especially having no show at all. It was said to be an automatic quick-firer, on an entirely original principle, and of wonderful range and penetration. But, strange to say, opinion was divided as to whether it was a field-gun or a position-gun. Some, indeed, said that the principle could be applied to either, and that the French, having perfected their new arm, would pick a quarrel with perfidious Albion purely and simply for the sake of trying it!

"At the time of which I speak, mat-

ters were not over pleasant between the two nations. Why they can't live in amity might puzzle some people—their interest in peace is equal. But the racial difference accounts for the trouble, and always will account for it. Your Latin race detests your Anglo-Saxon. Your Anglo-Saxon despises your Latin, whether he be French, Spanish, Italian, or Portuguese. Well, instructions were issued giving me a free hand in any operations I might choose to undertake, and I sent Morland over to Normandy at once."

Here I inquired whether he went as Morland or as "Lucy," as in the Episode of the Lost Despatch-Box.

"He went as a young Englishman on his holidays, that is, dressed in tweed, riding a bicycle, and almost without a word of the language, with which, I need hardly say, he is perfectly familiar. The journey was quite informal, and no great pains were required. He returned inside a week with a preliminary report, which, added to reports of a scrappy character, received from all sorts of sources by the War Office, gave us the following information:

"The gun was being manufactured experimentally, at Dolville, in Normandy, or rather at a foundry five miles from Dolville, a little town which could be reached either by sea or by rail. It was, so to speak, the base of supply for the foundry, which was further rendered accessible by a sort of light tramway which ran from the quay to the works, the exact distance from the quay to the foundry yard being five miles and a half.

"The position of the foundry was

suitable in every respect to the purposes for which it was built—an experimental works, where anything and everything could be put to the test and accepted or rejected on its merits without the world being any the wiser, and without any outsider having the least suspicion as to what was proceeding.

"Imagine a vast heath extending to the foundry from the little town of Dolville, and for miles in every other direction round the works; a great plain with nothing higher than gorse, heather and fern, which grew in abundance right to the top of the chalk cliffs that bordered the sea. No roads over the heath, except the tramway from the foundry to Dolville, only one house in the vicinity of the works, a small tavern kept by an old pensioner who wore his medals and served wine to the men of the foundry, but was not permitted to enter the gates thereof. No sportsman, or tourist, or any suspicious person whatever was allowed within miles of the place, which was in every direction guarded by notice-boards informing the unwary pedestrian that trespassers on that Government property would be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.

"The tramway was used for carrying stores to the foundry, and also for bringing the workmen to and from Dolville, where they lived as a separate clan, having nothing to do with the fishing population of that unclean little place, which did not even boast a decent inn, let alone a tolerable hotel. So deplorable was the accommodation that Morland had been obliged to sleep on a small steamer which supplied the town with the 'English Coal,' which you see so liberally placarded in Normandy and elsewhere in France. The higher officials of the foundry were clubbed together in a handsome building. The Governor, as they called him, had a pretty cottage to himself, and the workmen lived in cottages expressly built for them. There was no staying in an hotel and picking up wrinkles from officials boarding there—a point I had especially impressed on Morland.

"Under these circumstances the outlook was not cheerful; at any rate it was not at first quite clear. The foundry stood in a wilderness five miles from anywhere, and anyone found on that intervening five miles would be locked up immediately. The workmen were selected as incorruptible, they were highly paid, and they were practically inaccessible, which latter consideration carried more weight than the two preceding ones.

"A Dolville workman who was seen to converse with a stranger would have but a short shrift from the governor. The idea of buying the secret was, therefore, dismissed as impracticable. There was no reasonable chance of opening the negotiations—otherwise I should have no doubt as to the result—secrets can be purchased in France if you can only obtain a fair opportunity. Only—the man who sells you the secret is also capable of selling you too.

"The only thing to be done (as it appeared to me) was to go into the works and make sketches of the gun, or of its parts. Or, failing this, to enter the office or apartments of some official who kept the drawings before him for working purposes, as was the case with our friend Lemmer, of Pretoria. And this way, which sounds so simple, was apparently absolutely impracticable, and almost impossible.

"I went into the garden and waited for inspiration. Not that I wasted time. The problem was before me, and though I was not holding my head with both hands and visibly wrestling with the question, my sub-consciousness was at work and I was really thinking more effectively.

"So I planted, and weeded, and hoed, and raked, and watered, and bedded to my heart's content, until at times I laughed at myself for having forgotten all but the work in hand. And still nothing had 'come.' I could not think of a feasible plan. I could not live at Dolville without my every move being noted. There was nowhere else to live, and even Dolville was five miles from the foundry along

a private road on which a stranger might plant his unhallowed foot. Then there was the entrance of the foundry to be compassed in face of the night watchman, who lived in the foundry, and who walked about armed with a repeating rifle from six at night to six in the morning. The alternative to this was to effect an entry by daylight, when the men were on the ground, the governor and his subordinates in their offices, and the heath all round with no vegetation higher than gorsebushes cut down and stunted by the sea-breeze, showing the figure of a man a mile away.

"After two days' horrible bareness of ideas I had Morland up to talk the thing over again. 'The wayside tavern, what of that? Tell me more about that,' I said, in the hope that something might be suggested. The tavern was called in joke 'Hotel de France'; its garrison consisted of a veteran who had several war medals, and who had been permitted to rig up his wooden shebeen for the accommodation of the workmen as a reward for his services to the country; a common arrangement in France, where they would be ashamed to see their army veterans dying in destitution or in the workhouse as in happy England. The old man's name was Grindel, and he was assisted by a fine strapping lass named Marie, said to be his granddaughter. The shanty was about a mile from the foundry. No strangers were served with wine for the very simple reason that none were allowed to traverse the four miles between the 'Hotel de France' and Dolville. It was a blue look-out.

"Replying to cross-examination as to whether under exceptional circumstances sportsmen were ever seen on the heath, Morland replied in the negative, but said that hints of poaching on the part of the fishing population had reached him. There was much game on the common in the shape of rabbits and hares. But what attracted my attention more particularly was his expression of opinion that the gipsies he had seen in the district did very well

in the matter of stews and ragouts. Gipsies! Where were they? On the heath?

"It seemed that this was the case. After all, human beings *were* permitted on the forbidden ground! Morland explained that a gipsy camp had been established at stated seasons on the common, long before the foundry had been built, and that it had not been thought worth while to interfere with the ancient tribe, especially as they occupied the ground only for a month or two, and then recommenced their endless journey round beautiful France.

"After a few more questions my mind was made up. Since gipsies were allowed to pitch their tents on the wilderness around the foundry where the first four guns of the first battery that was to astonish the world were, according to our information, approaching completion, I would be a gipsy, Upton should be a gipsy, and Morland, aye, he would make a lovely gipsy fortune-telling maiden! 'A gipsy's life is a joyous life,' I chanted rapturously, and Morland and I would have sung Stephen Glover's 'The Gipsy Countess,' if either of us had known the words—or the music.

"'Bravo!' cried Morland, 'I never thought of that!'

"Then came the details, managed by Upton with surprising success. They ran into money, but what are a few hundreds in a State affair that might easily involve a hundred millions? It doesn't do to battle with a foe who shoots you down, before you can come into a range which suits your own gun. The French were served that way by the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war. The Teutons, themselves comfortably out of shot, coolly and calmly decimated the French, and simply laughed their batteries to scorn. To say it was, in that war, worth a hundred millions to have the better gun is to speak well within the bounds of reason. The whole fate of an empire might rest on the superiority or inferiority of its artillery.

"He bought a capital van, second-hand of course, and one way or an-



other furnished the whole rig-out in the manner of the French gipsy who, instead of the moleskins and corduroys of his English confrère, affects the blouses and blue linens of the French peasantry. Our hair being dyed black, and our complexions carefully made up, we looked the real thing, I can tell you. We went aboard a coal boat at Newhaven, and in due course landed at Dieppe, whence we started by circuitous ways for Dolville, pausing here and there in the byways to accustom ourselves to our respective roles, and to note what effect we produced on the inhabitants at large. Morland made a lovely gipsy maiden, and but for the strict watch kept over her by her father and brother, that is to say, Upton and myself, would have had some difficulty in keeping a straight course, so great was the admiration bestowed by the young farmers and tradesmen of the agricultural and fruit-growing district through which we journeyed. However, it takes a lot of masculine admiration to turn Morland's head. Ha! ha!

"At last we reached the famous stretch of moorland whereon was built the still more famous factory, and here the way and manner of getting on the gipsy camp presented some difficulty. Our horse could not have dragged the van through the heather, nor did we know where on the vast expanse the camp, now vacant, would be found. By dint of tact and carefully guarded inquiry all this was discovered, and having camped for three days in a lovely valley on the edge of the moor to disarm suspicion, we at length took the track, a fairly-well-defined mark of wheels through short scrub until we attained a spot covered with the black remains of the camp-fires of our predecessors, now gone southward. It was lovely summer weather, and after the first few days the delights of gipsying were so keenly appreciated by me that I almost felt a qualm on realizing my faithlessness to kitchen-gardening.

"As it happened we were located about half a mile from the 'Hotel de France,' kept by old Grindel and his

granddaughter, and about a mile and a-half from the front gates of the factory. From the van we watched the men going to and from work, and we all, singly or in twos, visited Dolville time after time. But never a gleam of the way to get at the gun shone upon us until one day, Marie, at the 'Hotel,' in the absence of old Grindel, made signs to Morland, our gipsy-maiden, that she wanted her fortune told. Marie, you must know, was better blest with physique than with brains, and Morland was just the 'girl' to exploit her for all she was worth to us in connection with the object so long and patiently pursued. Marie, you were extremely useful to us, and I drink your health."

Here he honoured the toast, and continued: "She never knew it; none but ourselves ever knew it, but I thank her all the same. Love! beautiful love! The night watchman at the foundry was a widower, who loved Marie, or who said he did, and who certainly loved Marie's wine not wisely but too well. Before going on duty at six in the evening, he would often, if not invariably, spend an hour or two at the 'Hotel de France,' over a bottle of the 'piquette,' which costs about two-pence half-penny. Or he would drink cider by the quart. Everybody drinks cider in Normandy, and when there is nothing better to be had you can get very comfortably drunk on that at a remarkably reasonable charge.

"Morland told her quite the right sort of fortune. He saw she was over head and ears in love with Eustace at the factory, and that his inclination to liquor would not weigh with her for a moment. When I heard the news I at once arranged to set a watch on Marie, for, knowing her sentiments for the watchman, knowing his sentiments concerning wine, and knowing therefore in what direction Marie would be likely to think she could best please him, I divined her secret nocturnal expeditions to the foundry. I distinctly say I divined them, for I had no evidence. But the first thought that occurred on hearing Morland's

story was this—Marie will steal up to him with the cup that cheers, hoping to completely win his heart by providing something wherewith to while away the lonely hours. And the event proved that I had divined aright. O little did old Grindel know, Where many a flask of his best did go!

"When the fact was established the question was how to utilize it? First, it was clear that when Eustace was talking to Marie he was not promenading the factory. Secondly, it was probable that after her visit and the consumption of the wine or whatever she carried to him, he would not be so brisk and watchful as before. Closer observation, aided by a powerful Dollond night-glass, showed that Eustace always came outside and sat with the girl on the bench occupied by the day-porter in his idle moments. We utilized Marie's presence at the foundry gate, and the resulting distraction of Eustace to make the following discoveries:—

"The main shed of the foundry stood in a large open area surrounded by a wall about twenty-five feet high, the yard being entered by means of huge iron gates which exactly fitted an archway in the wall. These gates, it seemed, were seldom opened, a doorway being made in one of them for the passage of the workmen, whom we had watched through the glass for days. Not a huge concourse like that issuing from a Devonport dockyard, but just about half-a-hundred all told, went backward and forward by the steam tram every day.

"It would have been easy enough to lure Eustace outside in the absence of Marie, and to have tied and gagged him while we took his keys and saw all we wished to see. But how were we to get out of the country afterwards? There was no railway station available except that of Dolville, the first train on which we could reckon to take us to a junction where we could change for Dieppe being at eleven in the morning. No, there was no chance of success in that direction. One fact only seemed to be in our favour—the

night watchman did not keep a dog. He had once possessed a favourite; Marie told Morland this—but it died, and Eustace had remained faithful to its memory. Now, here we had the advantage. Upton had a dog, and a very clever dog; one that had been bestowed upon him by a reprobate who was not likely to be able to see the animal for fourteen years or so, and who wished him to be well treated. This clever dog of ours, or rather Upton's, was indispensable as part of the gipsy make-up, and did good service in a variety of ways. But his great accomplishment was this—he knew when to keep his mouth shut. He would bark when on guard; when out at night with Upton he intimated the presence of strangers by putting his cold nose against his master's left hand, extended downwards for the convenience of the dumb but eloquent signaller.

"Secured against discovery by means of Jerry, for I regret to be compelled to record that the deported burglar had seen fit to bestow on the poor animal that vulgar name, we prowled around the foundry during Marie's nightly expeditions, to our heart's content.

"To Upton must be given the credit of the most important discovery. This was a drain about three-quarters of a yard in diameter, the tube of which seemed to point directly to the factory. When we found it a thin stream of water, about as much as a decent pump would supply if regularly worked, was issuing from it, and running in a tiny rivulet away among the heather. We traced the course of the tube easily enough, for in putting it down, years before, the vegetation had been disturbed, and the ground presented a marked line of difference, even in the darkness. It led to the foundry wall. 'Jerry' was our pioneer, Upton sending him in and venturing his whole length in the pipe, while he struck matches and noted the dog's progress and the general appearance of this strange and unexpected entrance to the Promised Land. All went well; 'Jerry' disappeared in the darkness—and re-

turned silent but evidently excited. Where had he been? What had he seen? Where did the great drain lead?

"More thinking caused me to spend a night in the investigation of the upper, or opposite side of the foundry. What I sought I found. A tiny spring on the hill-side trickled down to a cistern outside the wall, where the water was collected for foundry purposes in a tank inside, and then sluiced off downhill through the drain we had discovered. But if so, the drain led to the interior of the constructing shed! Beautiful thing, inductive reasoning!

"We decided to test the matter off-hand. Next night Upton, preceded by 'Jerry' crept through the pipe to the further end to find that we were only cut off the inner tank by a stout iron grating much corroded by rust, the end of the tank next the grating being of the nature of a flood-gate, and at the time of Upton's first visit left suspended in the air, where it had been raised to let off the water! Was this an unusual piece of negligence? Or was it habitual? It was clear that the partition must be shut down whenever the tank was filled for cooling purposes, and, when the water was afterwards run off through the drain, the partition must be raised to let it go. But if the workman who raised the partition lowered it after the water had run off, then, of course, our task would be doubly difficult.

"Luck befriended us. It seemed as though the man who raised the flood-gate went about his business without waiting to see the last of the water. The gate was lowered when next the tank was filled, and that was time enough. It was the British workman over again, bless him!

"We had a complete set of appliances in the van, you may be sure. Everything that experience could suggest was there. Armed with all we required we set forth to make the final assault one Saturday evening, with all the time from then to Monday morning before us, bar Sunday from six in the morning till six in the evening, when a man from Dolville came to act as day

sentinel. Already some effective filing had been done, Morland and Upton taking turns, and positively declining to permit me to assist in this particular work, which was not very pleasant, you may be sure.

"To worm yourself along for twenty-five yards through a smooth, narrow tube which was also wet and slimy with the deposit of years; to lie on your face filing, filing, 'Jerry' on the watch to give warning, was not an agreeable business. But we meant to win, and the harder it seemed the more determined we were. And my devoted subordinates did all the difficult work—until the final evening.

"Then, arrived at the tube, Upton went first, carrying with him a cord by which to signal to us. A wait of twenty minutes, and then the welcome tugs! Bravo! the last bit of iron was filed, and the course was clear! Morland went on. 'Jerry' had accompanied Upton. I followed, and then only did I appreciate the devotion and unselfishness of my brave and talented coadjutors. Heavens! what a beastly hole it was and how squeamish I felt! Not the darkness, nor the slime, nor the gloom so worked on my nerves as the sensation of helplessness, of being buried alive! The horror of that ten minutes in a drain-pipe!

"They helped me up at the other end—the right end, Upton utilizing the detached piece of grating as a ladder by which to climb out of the tank! We were in the constructing shed. Around us were all sorts of castings. On a sort of dais at the end of the shed, two finished guns, their polished surfaces responding briskly to the flashes of Morland's bull's-eye lantern. Bless me, everything was there; we had only to pick and choose, and since I had spent two whole days at Woolwich Arsenal, merely in learning the points that were required, my work was surprisingly simple. We had plenty of time. Eustace was sitting outside the great gates drinking wine with Marie.

"We burnt the magnesium wire and photographed everything needed,

taking duplicates, as at Pretoria. I measured the finished guns, and the needful figures as to calibre having been set down we spent a happy hour in the governor's office, Upton deftly picking the locks of the door and the private desk, and Morland, by means of tracing paper, taking a copy of a complete specification of the gun, which had been gummed for the governor's convenience on the inside of the flap of his desk. For my part I contented myself with a careful summary of a report of trials made with the two guns in the shed, together with particulars as to charges and projectiles, and, when all were quite content, we left without tuck of drum or blast of trumpet, wondering what would happen when it was discovered that the place had been honoured with a visit.

"For though we might have left the office as we found it, trumpery locks

and all, we could not mend the grating! That was beyond us. So Morland, still as a gipsy girl, wandered off in the direction of Dieppe, with copies of everything vital, Upton and I remaining behind to stand the racket, if any.

"There never was any. Why, I cannot tell. Only I surmise that the governor thought it better for himself to conceal the fact that he had been outwitted. After a decent interval we trekked slowly and leisurely after Morland, who had got clear away, and having sold our horse and van at Varengeville walked by the shore to Dieppe, and took the English boat for Newhaven. The holiday was in most respects enjoyable in the extreme. My health improved immensely, and I often look back with pleasure on that Normandy trip with my two friends and 'Jerry.'"

EPISODE IX, WILL APPEAR IN MARCH.

## OLD DAVE'S DAUGHTER.

*By George A. Collard.*

"HALLO John! Great weather we're having!"

"Grand!"

"If this holds out much longer you'll have no ploughing to do next spring. You've a great slap turned over, I presume?"

"About a hundred acres. Another month will see me through. Say! how is wheat?" abruptly inquired the speaker.

"Bad! Reports from Argentine too good—too good altogether! Visible supply away up. Foreign market slow—blamed slow! Wheat next spring won't be worth fifty cents a bushel. However, I'll give you eighty-one cents for what you've stored with us. I'm making a shipment to-morrow, else I would not offer more than

seventy-nine. Better take it. Insurance and elevator charges will eat up your profit before spring."

The speaker was a grain buyer; the place a Manitoba village street; and the one addressed was John Clark, a typical western farmer, who possessed in a marked degree those abstract qualities—health, enthusiasm, independence and intelligence—which go to make up the concrete Manitoban.

John stepped to the edge of the sidewalk, reflectively spat at a hitching post, missed; tried again, missed again; came back, and said: "It's a go." Twenty minutes later he was seated high up in his stout lumber-waggon, rattling homeward, with one thousand dollars in the hip-pocket of his blue jean overalls.

Eight years previous to the opening of this story John Clark had bought the half-section adjoining old Dave Bennet's place. It was a good farm; and John felt sure of lifting the thousand-dollar mortgage before the expiration of three years. But the labour-filled days slowly passed into twice three years, and the mortgage still was with him. Yet through all the unceasing toil, through all the lonesomeness of his bachelor life, he was sustained by the hope of ultimate success. And now this year had accomplished that which all the other seven had not; the mortgage could at last be met. Still, John Clark was an unhappy man.

John's next neighbour, old Dave Bennet, although wealthy, was an intensely ignorant old natural. His youth had been spent in the backwoods of Ontario. Hearing of the great possibilities of the West, he had early left that Province and migrated to Manitoba, where he had settled in a good locality, and gradually acquired several hundred acres of choice farming-land, a large herd of cattle and a most substantial bank account. He could neither read nor write. What was more, he did not wish to. He was quite content to grub and save: to acquire more land, more cattle, more money, and let others imbibe knowledge and remain poor. His one redeeming feature was his love for his daughter Mary. He had married Mrs. Bennet principally for convenience and profit: she saved him a hired girl. But Mary was different: Mary was his "darter." Whatever Mary said was right. He had built a frame-house because she would have it; he had bought an organ to please her; he had willingly consented to John Clark as a prospective son-in-law; and, alas! in an evil moment, at her suggestion, took the schoolmaster to board.

As John Clark passed the Bennet home he espied old Dave, down on all-fours picking potatoes; so he brought up his horses with a jerk and called out "Fine day this."

Old Dave scrambled to his feet, and

standing in a stooped position making spasmodic grabs at the small of his back, ejaculated: "Gull durn it." At last, after much painful effort, he succeeded in reaching a partially erect attitude, when he expressed himself thus:—

"Durned ef Providence hadn't orter made taters grow on bushes. Picken 'em, I kalkerlate iz one uv th' wust fe'tors uv farmin.' It plays the dev—Come gosh durned nigh disrememberin' that time. Mary sez as how cuss wuds shocks that air teachin' fellar uv hern, and as how 'havick' iz better nor 'devil.' Ez I war a sain', it plays havick with the back. I'll be jiggered ef yer back-bone don't get sot bent, an' a fellar kent straighten her nohow."

But it was all lost to John; for he had seen, emerging from the kitchen, bearing a well-filled basket of newly-washed clothes, the buxom form of Mary Bennet. Her tucked-up skirts revealed a very neat ankle; and the turned-down bodice gave a glimpse of dazzling white, which contrasted strongly with her sunburnt neck and face. John caught a quick, hard breath, and his usually steady pulse beat violently.

According to the accepted standard, Mary Bennet had neither a perfect face nor a model figure. She had a No. 5 foot and a No. 24 waist. Furthermore, her nose suggested a tendency to turn up; and this suggestion became a certainty whenever Mary laughed, which she did on the slightest provocation. These were Mary's chief defects of beauty. Yet more exacting critics than the unsophisticated John would have entirely overlooked them, and pronounced Mary Bennet a handsome girl. Her wavy brown hair, laughing eyes, dimpled cheeks, full red lips, and white even teeth, now prominently displayed by reason of a spare clothes-pin held between, would have permitted no other verdict.

Mary soon finished her task of hanging out the clothes, and, without even looking at poor John, retreated to the house.



John Clark gave his team a vicious cut; and, in a cloud of dust, no more choking than his own emotion, rattled rapidly away, leaving old Dave, to whom he had neglected to say good-bye, gazing wonderingly after him.

"Ef that don't beat th'—, beat th'—, havick," he contemplatively remarked. Then, after looking cautiously toward the house, he—with slight alteration—deliberately repeated: "Ef that don't beat th' devil."

When John reached home it was high noon. After putting out the horses he entered his shanty, and taking an account book from a shelf over the window, proceeded to enter up his morning transactions, and also recount his large roll of bills. To do this he first had to shove to the centre of the table the dirty dishes with which it was bestrewn. Even then he was cramped for room; and, as he laboriously wrote down the different items constituting the morning purchases, his elbow struck the ink-bottle and over it went, deluging one end of the thick, heavy roll. John placed it on the edge of a plate to dry, and finished his book-keeping; then, leaning back, he disdainfully surveyed his surroundings.

That it was a bachelor's home no one could possibly doubt.

There, behind the stove, was the nail whereon the frying-pan usually hung—that utensil being now under the stove with the cat in it. The low, small windows were so dirty that one marvelled at so much sunlight finding its way through. The stove was a light brick-red colour, with which the crazy pipe matched beautifully. Over in one corner was the bed in which John and his hired man slept. It was an entire stranger to the process of making, and the space beneath was a receptacle for old clothes, boots and moccasins. The walls were desolately bare. Underneath all this was a hole called the cellar, from which rose a noxious odour suggestive of sprouted potatoes and decayed onions. No wonder poor John looked disconsolate. He had borne all this for several long

years, intending some day—after he had paid off the mortgage—to build a frame house, make Mary his wife, and live as a white man should. And now, when this cup of felicity was just at his lips, it was cruelly snatched away by a grammatical upstart, whom he could have crushed with his strong right hand.

The flies buzzed louder and louder; the old cat, in the frying-pan, purred contentedly; a dirty sunbeam fell athwart the dirty heap of dishes; and the sharp-eyed mice ran about among them; for John Clark had forgotten his sorrows in sleep.

More mice scrambled up from the large knot-hole under the table. They fought with each other; they raced with each other; they played with the ink-stained roll of bills, sliding it dangerously near the edge of the table; for it slipped easily over the glare oil cloth; and then they all scampered away; for John had awakened from his nap. He rubbed his eyes sleepily, vigorously stretched himself, yawned once or twice, and then remembered his troubles, and, incidentally, his little-valued one thousand dollars.

Suddenly, with an exclamation of alarm, he leaned forward. The money was gone. He searched eagerly among the dishes, looked into the cups, sugar-bowl and pitcher, looked into them again, crawled under the table, examined his own pockets, re-examined them, turned them inside-out, felt himself all over, looked under the stove, crept beneath the bed, then rose to his feet, and, standing like one dazed, wiped the great beads of perspiration from his brow.

John Clark was experiencing real trouble; and the schoolmaster and Mary were alike forgotten.

After standing for a few moments, he grew calmer, and walking to the door looked anxiously over the prairie. Away to the south, nearly a mile away, he could see his own hired man unhitching the team preparatory to coming to dinner. Down the dusty road, in either direction, not a soul was to be seen. The level prairie afforded no

hiding-place. If anyone had taken it he must be in the stable. The small log affair was quickly searched, but with no better result. He then gave the shanty another thorough, unfruitful overhauling, and, leaving the wondering hired man to get his own dinner, started on horseback for old Dave Bennet's, about a quarter of a mile distant. It had occurred to him that perhaps a peddler had done it; if so he would have had time to reach Dave's house.

Poor John returned that night discouraged and nearly heart-broken. He had made a complete circle of several miles, searching the whole surrounding country; but no suspicious character was seen, nor even had been seen by any of his neighbours.

The next morning, and for several succeeding mornings, John went doggedly to work. He laboured desperately hard, rarely spoke to anyone, and was rapidly becoming a disagreeable, partially demented man. One day he took a load of potatoes into the village and sold them to the tailor.

"I say, tell me where you got that bill!" said John, excitedly, as the tailor handed him a ten-dollar note slightly ink-stained along one edge.

"Let me see—e—" said the dapper little man, shutting one eye and scratching his head with a yardstick. "It was Mr.—ah—it was Mr.—Williams who gave me that bill."

John turned, rushed from the shop, sprang into his waggon and was gone.

Three weeks have passed since that morning on which we first saw Mary Bennet. It is her wedding-day. Mary and the schoolmaster were to be married at six o'clock, then immediately drive to the village so as to catch the East train at seven. The teacher appeared very uneasy. He had come home at noon visibly excited. About three o'clock he decided to go to the village with his valise and trunk, that they might be checked, and thereby cause no delay.

It was now half-past five, and the

schoolmaster had not yet returned. The clergyman and a few invited neighbours were present; Mary was dressed and waiting; her father fidgeted uneasily in his six-dollar ready-mades; and the hour-hand slowly approached six. Still no groom appeared. As the clock solemnly struck the hour, old Dave sprang to his feet, bolted for the stable, and was soon behind old Billie, tearing away for the village.

He arrived just after the train had pulled out. And, when informed that the schoolmaster was on board, he threw "havick" to the winds, and freely drew upon his unlimited stock of cuss words.

Old Dave's was a sad home that night. The clergyman and guests went whispering away; the old father swore himself to sleep; but the mother and daughter crouched by the fireless grate, and wept in mutual sympathy.

Before the expiration of three weeks the laughing, joyous Mary had become a pale, dispirited woman. She took no pleasure in life, and wished that she were dead.

One day after the ground had frozen and the plough was stopped, Jim Bell, a neighbour of old Dave's, drove up to the latter's place. The old man was out banking the house. As his neighbour drove up, old Dave leaned on his spade, and called out, "Mornin', Jim."

"Good morning, Mr. Bennet," said Jim Bell in a pleasant voice—Jim was a Patron and intended running for the Legislature—"This cold snap will settle our ploughing."

"I kalkerlate she war dun fer," replied old Dave.

"I say!" said Jim, as he drove his horses a little nearer. "You don't object to hearing something about that schoolmaster—do you?"

"I haint ded sot agin it," returned Dave, then added somewhat eagerly, "Wot ar' it?"

"I've been so keen to take advantage of all the ploughing weather," continued Jim Bell, "that I neglected to come sooner. I'm pretty sure you haven't heard it though, because I

know John Clark's style. I was quite certain he wouldn't tell you. And our Joe hasn't been able to blab it; for he hasn't been to school since it happened. Kept him home to do the chores. The ploughing just kept the hired man and me jumping. I haven't—"

"Gull durn yer hide!" fairly shouted old Dave. "Air you agoin' ter tell a fellar, or air you not?"

Thus admonished, Jim with acceleration continued: "You remember the day the schoolmaster left th—"

"Reckon so!" interrupted old Dave in an emphatic tone.

"There was no school in the afternoon; and, as it was our Joe's turn to sweep out, he stayed behind and went to work. The teacher packed up all his books and things, said 'Good-bye, Joe,' and stepped outside. Just then Joe heard someone drive up like mad. He ran to the door and peeked out; and there was John Clark jumping out of his waggon. He walked right up to the schoolmaster and exclaimed:

"'You white-livered villain, I've found you out at last!'

"Joe says that the schoolmaster looked mighty mad, and said: 'What do you mean—you uncouth fellow—insulting a gentleman this way!'

"John made one spring, but the schoolmaster pulled a revolver and cried: 'Just be good enough to keep your vulgar hands off me or I shall perforate you!'

"Joe says that this made John so mad that he thought he was going to jump on him in spite of the gun; he called him a coward and a thief, and said: 'You know you stole a thousand dollars from me. I got one of the bills from the tailor not over an hour ago, and he said you gave it to him. I've thought it all out. You was coming from school to get your dinner at Bennet's; and it was a hot day, an'—and you was thirsty, an'—

and dropped in to get a drink, an'—and saw me asleep; and you stole the money!'

"Joe says that this sort of staggered the teacher; and that John jumped in, threw him down, took the revolver away, and nearly choked him to death. The teacher gasped: 'I'll give it up. I'll give it up. I've got it here.' At this he let him rise; when he forked over the money; and John sprang into his waggon and drove off."

Jim Bell himself soon drove off; and old Dave retired to the house to tell Mary. But, as he entered, she quietly said: "Never mind telling me, father. I stood at the door and heard it all." With that Mary sat down and burst into tears.

"Oh, father!" she sobbed, "what a foolish girl I've been. For weeks I've been grieving over a poor cowardly thief. All this past summer I have thought and dreamed only of Mr. Williams. I was willing and proud to be his wife. Oh, the poor fool that I was! I was only in love with his nice manners. He seemed so much better than the rest of you. But I never really liked him."

Just then old Dave diplomatically retreated to the stable; for, right from the beginning of Mary's confession, he had observed—framed in the door-way—the radiant face of John Clark.

In the stable old Dave took to currying Billie, an attention the old horse seldom received.

"Gee-whiz!" he ejaculated, as he finished the nigh-side. "Beats all tarnation!" he further remarked, as he began on the off. "Howanever, I reckon Mary wuz right, alwuz iz right, durned if she haint. Wo-o, Bill—you—  
—you—"

But in the house? In the house the strong arms of John—more accustomed to the plough than a woman's form—were marvellously adapting themselves to their new occupation.

## IN MEMORY OF ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

*Died February 10th, 1899.*

HIS that great octave of earth's noblest runes,  
Those wondrous symphonies of sun-stilled noons ;  
Those minor chords of star and pearl-grey dawn,  
That treble trill of Spring's first fluted song.  
From out his pipe of Pan, the scented blooms,  
The purpled grasses and the poppied plumes  
Waved at his will. Anon our eyes were dimmed,  
When hazing noonday heat our vision rimmed.  
Again the fragrant waft of new-strewn hay  
Clung to our senses many a fervent day.  
The bugled notes of autumn's bannered themes  
Transposed he into heaven's radiant gleams.  
His clarion calls of winter's snow-stepped woods  
Made music for us where the North-wind broods.  
His power, inborn, above the pangs of toil  
Caught the elusive spirit of the soil,  
Vivid, intangent, told but to the few ;  
He grasped it and its beauty's fulness knew.  
The woven wonder of his inner soul  
Scanned all the harmonies of Nature's scroll.

*Lally Bernard.*

## CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

THE Anglophobic epidemic which has been raging in Germany for months has at length reached a phase which must be close to the climax, the climax being war. There is perhaps no probability of war, but that two great civilized nations should get within hail of such a catastrophe, from absurdly inadequate causes, suggests how little mankind profits by the teachings of history or fruits of experience. In considering the case one has to be on guard against national prejudices, but, making due allowance for these, it must be said that the ill-will which has been recently displayed against Great Britain on the Continent, cannot conscientiously be credited as having its origin in generous sympathy for the struggles of a weak people against a vastly stronger enemy. It is only necessary to enquire what the attitude of continental nations has been in the past towards nations that were weak and oppressed, to find it difficult to give Germany or any of the rest of them much credit for being genuinely stirred over the downfall of the Boers. The British people need have no fear of submitting their record in this respect for comparison with that of any of their critics. Does anyone ever remember of a Neapolitan, or Bulgarian, or Armenian agitation in Germany?

Take the second of these as being typical. Who forgets those days of 1876, when the British nation was stirred to its very depths by the stories of the Bulgarian atrocities? When it became certain that thousands of human beings, including hundreds of women and children, had been ruthlessly slaughtered by the Bashi-Bazouk soldiery of the Sultan the indignation of the country knew no bounds. It was not indig-

nation manufactured to order. It was unquestionably a spontaneous manifestation of the national conscience. At the beginning it had no spokesman, but eventually it drew Mr. Gladstone from his retirement, and with a subject that suited his moral equipment the country rang with denunciations of the unspeakable Turk. It must be carefully kept in view that the foreign interests of the country were to buttress rather than undermine the tottering fabric of empire at Constantinople, and by appealing to this interest and the ineradicable suspicion of Russian designs in the Balkans, Disraeli was able to stem the torrent. But the point is, that the torrent was there, just as it was present in full flood at a later period, when the Armenian massacres shocked the English-speaking world.

Pecksniffian self-admiration would be as detestable in a people as it is in a man. It is to be hoped, therefore, that there is none of this quality in pointing to the fact that in other continental countries the public pulse does not appear to have beat a second faster on the occasions referred to. At both times in England the Governments of the day felt they were threatened by a disinterested and high-minded indignation aroused by the stories of oppression and cruelty practised among a feeble and distant folk. In Britain Ministers were harassed and put to their wits' end to prevent public feeling sweeping them off their feet. On the Continent Chancellors felt no such pressure or compulsion. They were able to treat the matter solely from its political side, and with that detachment from moral or humane considerations that distinguishes the higher politics. We are now asked to



believe that it is this very humane and moral wave which has been so markedly non-existent on the occasions mentioned, that now causes the antipathy to Britain in continental capitals. In view of the facts just cited we will be excused if we feel some scepticism on this point. We will also ask to be relieved from believing that it is generous sympathy with a weak people which now actuates the three nations which participated in the spoliation of Poland, or the two which fell upon little Denmark in 1864, and wrested two provinces from her.



The pretence that Mr. Chamberlain insulted the German army when he said that the conduct of the British army in South Africa had been quite as good as that of the German army in the Franco-German war, is a very poor one. In the opinion of all who know how the campaign in the Boer republics was carried on, Mr. Chamberlain was exceedingly complimentary to the German army. If the conduct of Von Moltke's hosts was as good, the Fatherland has reason to be proud of the record. Were soldiers who ventured to take a French pullet without pay sentenced to imprisonment? Every day during the progress of Lord Roberts' army towards Pretoria, the women of the men who were in the field were getting higher prices for everything they had to sell than ever they had known before, and an ill-fed army had to buy its way through the enemies' territories at fancy prices. It is doubtful if ever in the history of the world the country of a foe suffered so little from the tribulations of war as those quiet farm-lands over which Lord Robert's hosts passed so rapidly in the summer of 1900. The state-

ment in the King's speech at the opening of the Imperial Parliament, that the soldiery had displayed "a humanity, even to their own detriment," throughout the war, is absolutely true. To say, therefore, that their conduct would compare favourably with the German army which invaded France in 1870 was to accord the latter high praise, and the anger which the comparison has caused is the merest make-believe.



If the expression of it had been confined to the man in the street or the beer-halls, or even to the columns of the newspaper, illustrated or unillustrated, it is quite unlikely that any official notice would have been taken of it. It is true that our knowledge of the control that the Government has over the utterances of the newspapers in Germany made it not unreasonable to expect that the gross caricatures, in which even the ladies of the English royal family, the Emperor's immediate relatives, were not spared, would be stopped. But when Chancellor Von Buelow endeavoured to earn a little



KEEPING AN EYE ON THE GERMAN IN SOUTH AMERICA

—Philadelphia North American



APPARENTLY CASUAL

JOE : "Why dang me if it bain't Mr. Kruger—who'd a thought it? I'd a' knawed ee anywhere!"

KRUGER : "To be sure now! if it bain't Joe! Yew bain't changed a bit!"

JOE : "Only to fancy us meetin' casual like and in the same public-ouse too!"

KRUGER : "It's a Hact o' Providence, it is—an' nuthin' else!"

["Some of the greatest peaces, the greatest settlements in the world's history, have begun in an apparently casual meeting in a neutral inn."—LORD ROSEBERY, at Chesterfield, December 16, 1901.]

—*Westminster Gazette.*

cheap popular applause by lecturing Mr. Chamberlain, and officially maintaining the pretence that that gentleman had slandered the German army, we can scarcely be surprised that the English Minister replied in kind. It will be found, I venture to prophecy, that German anger will now abate, just as it gradually abated in France months ago. In fact, French feeling seems to have diminished as that in Germany increased—a very natural process. We do not need to conduct a very subtle enquiry as to the origin of continental feeling against Great Britain. The continental Powers think that her colonial empire was large enough without adding two hundred thousand square miles to it, including the richest existing goldfields and a great modern city, destined to be much greater, founded on the wealth which lies about its doors. That is the real seat of continental resentment, and no one will

say that it is not a natural feeling. What we have a right to protest against is that it should find its expression in gross falsehoods and in a hypocritical pretence that it has its origin in some nobler feeling. In the case of Germany the feeling is intensified by unsuccessful commercial rivalry.

It must be thought that the Emperor is working his South American plans with consummate skill. Contemporaneously with the necessity of bringing pressure to bear on Venezuela, the Kaiser has arranged for a visit of his brother to the United States. There can be no doubt that Prince Henry will receive a splendid welcome. The millions of Germans in the States would alone be sufficient to make his tour a triumph, but their fellow-citizens of other nationalities will probably

be proud to be only a shade less hospitable and enthusiastic. The Prince speaks English as easily as he speaks German, for the former is in reality his mother tongue. There can be no doubt that his visit will make it easier for Germany to carry out her policy of making Venezuela pay up. That this will be no short or easy task may be inferred from the fact that the whole revenue derivable from Customs is only about \$5,000,000 a year. The German claim is about \$2,000,000, but there is behind this a dim claim for many millions more that may be hauled to the front as soon as the German officials are firmly established at the Venezuelan ports.

The United States authorities do not like the situation, but they seem to hold firmly to the principle that the South American republics cannot make

the Monroe doctrine an excuse for ignoring payment of their just debts. They doubtless remember that a great commercial nation cannot protect the appearance of commercial dishonesty or repudiation of debts in any part of the world. It is easy, however, to see all sorts of difficulties in the diplomatic management of the box of South American monkeys of which the big Republic has undertaken the guardianship. Revolution must be almost as common there as general elections elsewhere. In the majority of these comic opera states a President once elected refuses to demit his office so long as he can cling to it by fraud, stratagem or force. The Opposition, therefore, in order to bring his reign to a close, must resort to rebellion. This is rather hard on the taxpayer, for he not only has his life and property endangered while the row is in progress, but he must also assume the burden of the war expenditure of both sides. We have seen within the past few weeks a rival for the presidential chair of Venezuela approaching the coasts of the country in a chartered steamer freighted with thousands of stands of arms and a considerable body of warriors. If the expedition succeeds and Castro is dethroned the groaning taxpayer will have to liquidate not only Castro's expenditures in defence of his job, but also those of his rival and all the soldiers of fortune who accompany him.

The joys of the European game have shifted to another part of the world. The Persian Gulf is the square on which the attention of the players is somewhat concentrated now. Its proximity to India has always made it a matter of concern to British interests. Turkey still exercises a shadowy suzerainty over portions of it. In recent years it has scarcely ever been asserted. Two of the princelings, whose territories border on the gulf, have been bickering for some time, namely, the Sheikh of Koweyt and the Sultan of Nejd. The Sheikh recognizes the Governor-General of India rather than



RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

the ruler of Turkey as his lord, and the British have responded by favouring his cause to some extent. He has been recognized on all hands as standing for British interests on the gulf. Suddenly Constantinople exhibits sufficient interest in affairs there to despatch an emissary with an invitation to the Sheikh Mubarakh to pay Abdul Hamid a visit. There is a walk-into-my-parlour air about the invitation, of which the Sheikh is evidently suspicious, and he has so far refused to let the emissary land and present his little billet. An invitation from Abdul is a command, and if he does not obey it he will be removed. The Sheikh has again appealed to Britain for protection, and it is understood that the two Sultans, both he of Constantinople and he of Nejd, have had intimations that Britain will stand no nonsense in the gulf, and that if any alleged sovereignty of either of them in that region threatens the peace steps will be taken to cancel all such claims and obligations.

# WOMAN'S

Edited by

Mrs. Willoughby Gummings

# SPHERE

**W**ANTED—a school for the training of mothers. Some one has said that the real child has only lately been discovered by

**THE TRAINED** those who have given  
**MOTHER.** their time to the scientific study of child

nature. So far these students, at least in this country, have been principally teachers, and to many of them the result has been that their whole attitude of mind has so changed towards the child that they can be no longer mere workmen, but hold a position towards him more nearly resembling that of a physician than of a factory overseer. And undoubtedly the child in his school life has benefited already by this change of view. This is shown, to give but one example, in the fact that the teacher, recognizing that logical ease, as understood in adult thought, may not apply to the child at all, now teaches him by sentences and syllables rather than by letters. These things the teachers have learned, and in learning them have come to realize more and more fully the need of greater co-operation between home and school. The day is passed when it was supposed that mothers could learn by instinct all that parental responsibility requires, and yet where is the place wherein the mother may get the training which she realizes is lacking? The mother-love that helps her through the helpless stage of infancy is not sufficient alone to guide her wisely through the peculiar stage of "obedience learning," nor through the "questioning stage," on to the difficult and often perilous time of reserve, and through the years to young manhood and young womanhood. All these various stages of responsibility require special study and adaptation,

and no better thing could happen for our country than that its mothers should be trained to be good character builders.

## WOMEN'S CANADIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, TORONTO.

The annual report of this society for 1900-1901 has just been issued to its members and friends. Besides papers on historic subjects by the members, read at the meeting—notably "History of Some Early Street Names of York," by Mrs. J. A. Paterson; "History of St. Andrew's Church," by Miss Bessie MacMurchy; and "History of St. James' Vestry," by the President, Mrs. Forsyth Grant; the pamphlet of 16 pages gives a full report of the effort made by the Society to raise a fund to erect a suitable memorial to her late Imperial Majesty Queen Victoria. This is to take the form of a hall in which historic relics and records might be kept, memorial windows or tablets erected to the Canadians who had given their lives in the service of the Empire, and where patriotic gatherings, history lectures, etc., might be held and given. Every woman in the city was asked to contribute 10 cts. The collection of these sums entailed much labour. There were few of the members with time at liberty to undertake it. The result, however, from half the city has been satisfactory. The remainder, when canvassed, it is anticipated, will add considerably to the sum now in the bank. The issue of the *Daily Star* of May 23rd by the Society as a memorial number, was also productive of an addition to the fund, which now amounts to \$2,527.10.

An information bureau was also un-

dertaken, and under the charge of Miss Teefy, of Richmond Hill, a mass of information on the history of Yonge St. has been collected and reported at the meetings. The membership is now upwards of two hundred and forty. Sympathetic reference is made to the death of several, and particularly to the loss of the Rev. Dr. Scadding and Hon. G. W. Allan.

During the past month the Secretary, Miss FitzGibbon, has addressed meetings in Lakefield, Lindsay and Bowmanville, and in the latter town aided in forming what is to be henceforth known as the Bowmanville Historical Society.

Recognizing how little they knew of Canadian history, how many of the old pioneers are passing away without their reminiscences of the past being preserved, a small but interested literary club decided to turn their attention to doing what they could on these lines this winter. When the simple routine of the necessary machinery, the workable constitution by which they could so easily govern their meetings and procedure for work was laid before them, the difficulties of the undertaking proved to have been imaginary. As the vistas of interest in the closer study of our history, the romance of its past, the great possibilities of the future, and the instant importance of all Canadians having an intimate and familiar knowledge and proper pride in the history of their own

land was brought before the assembled members, the undertaking became not only possible, but one which they could embark upon with the necessary enthusiasm to ensure success. On the morning after the meeting in Bowmanville, the newly elected officers met, and after drafting a constitution based on that of the Women's Historical Society of Toronto, drew up a plan of work for the season.

There are many other such clubs and circles in our towns throughout the country which might follow the

example set by Bowmanville, both with profit and entertainment to themselves, and by the interest roused preserve local history from oblivion, and serve the future historians of Canada. Owing to the energy and enthusiasm of Miss FitzGibbon, Secretary of the Toronto Association, historical societies of women, or of men and women, have already been formed as a chain across the broad Dominion, from Charlottetown on the east to

Victoria on the west, and it is hoped that the present number of such societies may increase, and that they may draw together and form before long a National Historical Association.

#### A WOMAN'S CLUB.

Co-operation and federation are principles that are happily coming to be considered and acted upon more and more in woman's work, as in other interests the world over. The time when



MRS. ROBERT REID

President Montreal Woman's Club



one little band of workers had nothing to do with other workers, even when their interests were almost identical, is largely a thing of the past, and not only are conferences and congresses a feature of the day, but the drawing together of local societies into national organizations is becoming the general rule. A step further, and that an important one, in the work of co-operation is the banding together of societies organized for widely different objects into one federation for the common good, and such are the National Councils of Women in the various countries of the world.

Another form of organization is that which is well illustrated by the Montreal Woman's Club, which is unique in Canada, and which under its several departments of "Home and Education," "Social Science," and "Art and Literature," draws together in one association a large number of the cleverest and most thoughtful women of that city. This Club, which now numbers 115 members, had its beginning in a meeting of 50 ladies, held in the drawing-room of its President, Mrs. Robert Reid, in 1892, when after listening to an address from Mrs. C. P. Wooley, and Mrs. J. P. Harvey, Past-President of the Chicago Women's Club, 40 of those who were present signed the roll and agreed to form a Club "to promote agreeable relations between women of artistic, literary, scientific and philanthropic tastes, and to afford Montreal sympathy and counsel in the pur-

suance of general literary and philanthropic work." Mrs. Reid was elected President, and Mrs. W. G. MacNaughton was appointed Secretary. In writing of the work of the Club, Mrs. Reid, who is still its President, says:—"The Club has its home at the Y.M.C.A. It has aided the Good Government League by donations of money, and also the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Women and Children. It also gave \$50.00 to help start the Victorian Order of Nurses. It has been the means of having hot

lunches supplied to the High School children, instead of letting them run out between sessions for an indigestible bun. It suggested to the Board of Arts and Crafts to open its classes to women, which has been carried out in cooking and dressmaking. The Club was asked to take charge of the Women's Department by the Exhibition Committee, but declined owing to the labour necessary to such a project. The Club proper

meets twice a month, on the 2nd and 4th Monday, and has always had its lectures given on these days by Professors of the University of McGill, doctors of the Medical Department, and ladies of well-known culture and literary attainments. There are three department Study Classes, conducted by three directors in each department of "Home and Education," "Social Science," and "Art and Literature." Papers are read by members of the departments, and are followed



MRS. W. G. MACNAUGHTON  
First Secretary Montreal Woman's Club

by an open discussion afterwards. This enables the women to hear their own views upset sometimes by those of others, and teaches them to be *impersonal* and *patient*. It accustoms them to hear their own voices, and acquaint themselves with different methods of work, and gives them courage and sympathy with others. All meetings are conducted with Parliamentary Procedure, according to Bourinor. This is also educative and keeps us in order."

The programme for this season is certainly very comprehensive and attractive. Under the heading of "Present Day Questions" in the department of Home and Education, for example, the question "Have the new methods of education destroyed to some extent the grace and courtesy which characterized the children of the early half of the century?" was fully discussed. On another occasion this department considered the subject of Electricity, "What is it doing for our cities and towns?" and "What is it doing for our homes?"

The programme for the Social Science Department will consider during the season such matters as "Sociology," "Henry George's Theories of Taxation," "Trades Unions," "Children of Criminals—Heredity, Environment."

The Arts and Literature Department have arranged a very enjoyable series of meetings when the topics will be, under the general heading of "Present Day Tendencies," such as "The Revival of the Historic Spirit," "Realism;" "The Study of Nature," "The Development of Criticism," "The Comparative Study of the Drama," "The Poetic Spirit of To-day," "The Present Tendencies in Art," and "Nineteenth Century Influences in Music."

The general meetings of the Club are also largely attended, and the programme is always well chosen and interesting. Members have to be proposed and balloted for, and the meetings of the departments are open

only to the members who, however, have the privilege under certain conditions of introducing visitors.

It would be impossible to specify in words all the good that results directly and indirectly from such an association as the Montreal Woman's Club, for its influences are far-reaching, and touch not only its members, but through them hundreds of lives with whom they come in contact, and for that reason it is to be hoped that thoughtful women in the other cities and towns in Canada may be led to inaugurate a similar organization in the near future.

E. C.

#### A GAINFUL PURSUIT.

Flora M. Thompson opens up, in the January *Arena*, a new question. In condensed form, she says: The United States census of 1900 bears evidence that all but twelve per cent. of the women of the country have not a gainful pursuit. With statistics thus defining the economic status of woman's labour performed under the terms of the marriage contract, the American woman is compelled to believe either that matrimony is not a sound business proposition, so far as she is concerned, or that there is a mistake in the logic that establishes the wife's occupation as a "not gainful pursuit." The assumption is that the work a woman does for her husband without wages is not gainful for the reason that it is not pursued to the end of the money thus to be made. The whole matter is supposed to be disposed of in the understanding that love is the animating principle and all-satisfying return of the wife's work in the household. In a sense and under normal conditions, this is true, and still the lofty spirit of devotion in which a woman may cook, scrub, wash and sew (keep house and do housework) does not dispel—it does not even subliminate—the economic relations of this work. Nor does love correct the errors arising from failure to appreciate the economic value of this work.

# PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

THERE has been considerable talk in the press concerning the use of the tri-colour in the Province of Quebec. The people

TRI-COLOUR

AND

UNION JACK.

of the other Provinces use only the Canadian Union Jack and they wonder at the use of the tri-colour by their fellow-citizens of French origin. The latter reply that the latter flag does not indicate any preference for France over Great Britain, but simply indicates the homogeneity of their race in this country; that the tri-colour was first flown in that Province by a British ship.

Even with this explanation, it is hard to understand why the people of Quebec should prefer the tri-colour to the Canadian Ensign. They claim, and it is a fact, that they defended the Union Jack against General Montgomery and his Southern Revolutionists in 1775, while the tri-colour of the European French did not come into existence until 1794. They claim that were it not for their steadfastness toward Great Britain, that Canada would not now be under the British Flag. If they loved Great Britain then, there are many additional reasons why they should respect her at the present day. If they love and respect her, why should they reject the British flag for the tri-colour simply because a British ship happened to fly it in Montreal harbour during the Crimean War? If, as they claim, they could not hope to obtain under French rule the freedom and liberty they have always enjoyed under British rule, why show a preference for the modern French flag over the British?

It is especially hard to understand why the people of Quebec Province—who are the original Canadians—should float a tri-colour in the pres-

ence of the Canadian flag. There is a flag which no people other than Canadians have a right to fly. It is known as "The Ensign of Canada," and is a British red ensign, having the Union Jack in the upper left-hand corner (dexter canton), and the arms of Canada in the centre of the fly. How we come to have this flag is fully explained by Barlow Cumberland in his interesting volume, "The History of the Union Jack." In 1865 permission was extended (28 Victoria, c. 14) to colonial vessels of war to use the blue ensign with the colonial escutcheon in the centre of the fly. A similar permission was afterwards given to the vessels owned by the Dominion Government. These permissions applied only to Government vessels. In 1889, permission was granted to privately-owned colonial vessels to fly, together with the red ensign, an additional flag bearing the arms of their colony. At the suggestion of Canada, this was again modified by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, who issued a warrant (1892), permitting the badge of the arms of Canada to be inserted in the fly of the red as well as in the blue ensign. All Canadian merchantmen and citizens of Canada were authorized to fly this Canadian red ensign, and all Government ships the blue.

I am not quarrelling with the people of Quebec for using the tri-colour. They are at liberty—so far as I am concerned—to decorate with any flag they wish, only seeing that we have a Canadian flag, and seeing that this flag indicates both Canadian and British citizenship, it is hard to understand why they do not prefer it to the tri-colour. They have fought and bled for the Union Jack; they have received liberty and freedom beneath its folds; they have helped to create the country

which is represented by "the Ensign of Canada," and why then should they not prefer their own flag? It represents the Confederation of colonies which they helped to create. It must represent all that is nearest and dearest to them in their history. It should commend itself especially to the educated and cultured people of the Province who know the secrets which history does not reveal to the ignorant, and who know also that the hope of Quebec lies not in the land of the tri-colour, but in the growth of a strong and united nation in this land of the North.

If Canada is to grow great she must be united. To have within her borders two languages may not be a handicap, but to have two national ideals is not conducive to progress. If the people of Quebec are lacking in admiration for the national flag there must be some reason for it. If their national ideal is not the same as that of the rest of Canada, it is time for them to speak out. If they are not pleased with the direction in which Canada is heading, let them express their displeasure. Perhaps they are right and the rest of Canada wrong. If there are differences let them be discussed and see if they cannot be eliminated from our national life. We must work together in order to attain to national greatness.

But, looking carefully into the matter, it must be admitted that the preference of the people of Quebec for the tri-colour has not led to any disrespect for the Canadian flag. It floats from their public buildings; it is used at official gatherings; it is never ignored. The tri-colour is a subsidiary decoration. Yet even in this light one could wish that its use were discouraged. Our motto should be Canada first and Canada last. The tri-colour has nothing whatever to do with Canadian life. It has no claim to fly side



FATHER LACOMBE

Vicar-General of the Diocese of St. Albert (N.W.T.)

by side with the Union Jack in Great Britain; it has even less to float in Canada beside the Canadian Ensign. Neither the French nor the English in Canada owe it anything. After the experiences of one hundred and fifty years there is absolutely no reason why the tri-colour should float in Quebec. There is a reason against it because Canada should be one nation with one flag. Constitutional union is not enough; there must be union of heart, sympathy and ideal.

The magnificent work done by the missionaries in the Northwest has been most notable. Primarily labouring for religion and the church of their choice, they have assisted settlement,

WESTERN  
MISSIONARIES.



made life more agreeable and performed a grand work for the nation. Two of the greatest of these great men are known as Father Lacombe and the Rev. Dr. Robertson.

Father Lacombe went to the Red River country in 1849, and 1881 to the Saskatchewan district. He is now Vicar-General of the Diocese of St. Albert. He has devoted his years mainly to the betterment of the social and religious life of the Redman, and won for himself a permanent place in Western history. W. A. Fraser, in one of his western stories, thus describes him :

Father Lacombe was as broad on the chest as a buffalo bull is deep. That was because of the great heart that had thumped and thumped at the ribs, and driven them far out to make room for the working. Of the same build was the great dome-shaped head, and because of that was all narrowness not therein. Broad and free was the thought, and strong was the heart ; therefore was the love of his people, the copper-coloured Crees, great and enduring. Even the whites, they who preached from without the pale, were wont to forget all else but that Father Lacombe was human—intensely human.

On December 3rd last, in the city of Montreal, Father Lacombe said a yearly mass in accordance with a vow made one stormy night twenty years ago when attempting to stem a battle between the Crees and Blackfeet. This is but a memento of the strenuous life that he has lived among the wayward redmen of the West.

And the Roman Catholic Church has not alone been represented by the faithful missionary. On January 4th there passed away, in the city of Toronto, the Rev. Dr. Robertson, the greatest Presbyterian of newer Canada. He did not go West until the early seventies, and he was for ten years stationed in Winnipeg. But during the past twenty years, as Superintendent of the Northwest and British Columbian Missions he travelled all through that country directing and assisting in all good work. He was an enthusiastic Canadian and a strong believer in a great destiny for Western Canada. Only a few days before his sudden

death he addressed a meeting of the Canadian Club of Toronto, and aroused great enthusiasm by his descriptions of the possibilities of the district to which he had devoted the best years of his life.

Truly, the West has reason to be proud of its manly, self-sacrificing and long-suffering missionary pioneers.



In everyday life there are many curious facts brought to light. Some of these are humorous and some merely funny. Perhaps the most  
CURIOUS curious of all fancies are  
FANCIES those of the cable correspondent.

A cow near Ottawa ate up a \$50 bunch of bank bills, and the wise cable correspondent sent a detailed account of it to the London papers. No doubt, he thought the people of Great Britain would be amused by knowing of the wealth of this colony where cows could be fed on bank bills. It was a pleasing change, too, from stories of stray bears and deer invading Canadian towns and villages.

The cable correspondents in London have likewise a high sense of the value of curious fancies. The other day they cabled a long account of a lady near London who made a pet of a pig, kept it in the house, and gave it a feather-bed and pillows on which to woo peaceful sleep.

Everybody has laughed at the London *Times'* correspondent who, writing from Niagara at the time of the Royal Tour, explained that General Brock fell in 1866, repelling the Fenian Raid. The correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, writing home about the same time, gravely informs ignorant Englishmen that "it has been found unnecessary to use for the royal table anything that is not grown in Canada," and seems to be surprised at the presence of sufficient Canadian fruit for a royal menu, and at "the profusion and variety of the bewildering lovely flowers."

Then there are other kinds of curious fancies. Two farmers near Ottawa have just settled a lawsuit over a piece



of land worth \$25, after the suit had dragged through several courts, lasted nearly four years and cost them about \$1,500. An Ottawa lawyer has laid a criminal charge against the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court for assault because the learned Justice threatened him in court, thereby putting him in bodily fear. The London papers have not yet come to hand, but no doubt the able cable correspondent at Ottawa wired a long account of this to London to show Canada's wild and woolly ways. The Toronto School Board is suing the Toronto City Council because it will not give the Board all the money it wants. The taxpayer sits back and watches with interest one of his pockets fighting the other and adding to his legal expenses.

The cables duly informed us on a recent Monday morning that the English people had received much pleasure upon discovering that the Prince of Wales was an orator. Just think of their slowness and stupidity in not finding this out sooner! And then exhibiting surprise over it! If a royal prince cannot make a speech without exciting surprise at his ability, surely

the wise citizens of Great Britain do not expect too much of Royal blood.

At the dinner at which this historical discovery was made by the British people, the Prince was furnished with a delectable morsel in the shape of a lark pie, for which a thousand larks had been slaughtered. And yet His Royal Highness is President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. After partaking of this luxury, how can he lecture the Princess for wearing wings and birds in her bonnets?

Even the Frenchmen have curious fancies. Pault Pourot writes in the *Nouvelle Revue Internationale* that there cannot be no doubt that England has secret designs on Spain. She desires to add to her possessions Algiciras and all the territory dominating the bay at Gibraltar. He also states that Spain's first act, in endeavouring to restore herself to her lost position among the nations, will be to drive the English from Gibraltar. "The English colossus which has proved itself incapable of vanquishing a little African nation can no longer fill any one with fear."

John A. Cooper.

## THE FUTURE OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

NO. 2.

Those who are advocating a home market for Canadian writers and artists are accused of selfishness. Perhaps the charge is true, but what of it?

A cheaper inter-Imperial postage rate would give Canadian papers and periodicals a better chance to secure Imperial circulation. These papers and periodicals make Canada better known, and induce immigration of labour and capital. It would, at the same time, restore British periodicals to the honoured position they once held in this market. The eight-cent rate now charged prevents all this.

Blank paper brought into this country from the United States pays 25 per cent. duty. Books pay ten per cent. Why should not United States periodicals, imported in bulk just as paper and books, pay a similar rate? If the duty on paper and books is correct, surely a tax on periodicals cannot be wrong.



# BOOK REVIEWS

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.

**I**N a group of men who, for want of a better term, we may call Colonial Reformers—a group including Lord Durham, Charles Buller, and Edward Gibbon Wakefield—Sir William Molesworth was not the least striking. His career was brief, for he died at 45. He was scarcely in the front rank of statesmen when his labours came to an end in 1855 after a few months as Colonial Secretary. But his had been a strenuous life. His personality was aggressive, and during a parliamentary period when such men as Brougham, Palmerston, Peel, Cobden, and many others of equal note crowded upon and filled the stage, Molesworth easily and at an early age made a place for himself.

He deserves to be remembered, if for nothing else, on account of his enlightened views concerning colonial administration. During the first half of the nineteenth century English statesmen were dominated by an idea that the colonies were not to be trusted. Like troublesome children they were to be kept in the nursery or only allowed out under proper guardianship. Molesworth was one of the very first to dissent from this view. Although we need not regard him as one of the pioneers of the Imperial movement, as Mrs. Fawcett appears to think,\* he is clearly one of those who were given to some thinking on the subject; who resisted as impolitic and inhuman the transportation of convicts to Australia; and who thought that on all colonial matters the colonies, especially Can-

ada, should legislate for themselves.

Molesworth was the eighth baronet of an old Cornish family, rich, of active and precocious intellect, and of a delicate constitution. He was educated chiefly in Scotland, his mother being a vigorous-minded Scotchwoman, distantly related to David Hume. The lad imbibed from his tutors a hatred of oppression and a love of liberty. When he entered public life he was equally at war with Toryism and Whiggery and formed one of the party known as Philosophic Radicals who vainly believed that the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832 was but the first step in a silent revolution of English institutions. Carlyle who met him at the Buller's wrote:

"He seems very honest; needs, or will need, guidance much, and with it may do not a little good. I liked the frank manners of the young man; so beautiful in contrast with Scottish giganity. I pitied his darkness of mind and heartily wished him well. He is, among other things, a vehement smoker of tobacco."

As a young Radical M.P., Molesworth consorted with John Stuart Mill, Roebuck, Buller and the Grotes. He founded the review afterwards known as the *London and Westminster*, writing his cheque for \$25,000 in a munificent way. In 1835 the Radical of twenty-five was perfectly outspoken, for he wrote to his mother that, "The present administration [Whig] are the miserablest brutes that God Almighty ever put guts into." To-day we may *think* these things, but not express them. Molesworth and Buller had no party ambitions, so that they devoted themselves to such colonial questions as colonization, the protest against transporting convicts, and self-govern-

\*Life of the Right Hon. Sir William Molesworth, M.P., F.R.S., by Mrs. Fawcett, LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co., Limited.

ment for the colonies. One is almost forced to the unwelcome conclusion that the revolt of the North American colonies taught the British Ministers no lesson of any importance in their management of English possessions beyond the seas, seeing that sixty years afterwards they betrayed no knowledge of the peculiar conditions of the colonies, and no foresight at all respecting the splendid future of the British dominions in America, Africa and Australia. As the Philosophical Radicals steadily declined in strength until, it was humorously said, they consisted solely of Grote and his wife, the colonial reforms became the chief Parliamentary business of Molesworth and

his associates, so that when the Canada question came up in 1838 they took the keenest interest in it. Molesworth supported Lord Durham's mission heart and soul, and Charles Buller and Wakefield came out to Canada as members of Durham's staff. When the famous Report appeared there was an epigram current in England at the time that "Wakefield thought it, Bul-

ler wrote it, and Durham signed it." On this question, which was fully discussed in this MAGAZINE by Mr. Martin J. Griffin,\* Mrs. Fawcett says:—

"This underestimates the credit due to Lord Durham, but it is certain that Lord Durham's five months' mission to Canada—June to November, 1838—would not have had in it the elements of permanent

\* CANADIAN MAGAZINE, October, 1896.



"HOW MAY I LIFT EYES TO YOU WHEN I BELONG TO THE CAUSE  
OF CHRIST?"

ILLUSTRATION FROM "GOD WILL IT"

success, now universally acknowledged, if it had not been for Wakefield's years of study given to colonial questions."

Molesworth fought the case so well in Parliament that Wakefield writes him: "It seems as if you had been with us in Canada." Years were to pass by before so competent and earnest a public man was to be put in charge of a branch of administration which his insight and sympathies so well qualified him to undertake. He was a member of the Aberdeen Ministry, and when Lord Palmerston was reforming his in July, 1855, he offered the Colonial Secretaryship to Sir William Molesworth. The appointment was well received, especially by the Australians. But Molesworth's health, always delicate, now broke down, and he died Oct. 22, 1855, at the early age of 45. It is curious to speculate what advances might have been made in colonial policy if he had lived. With all his faults he had a better grasp of the situation than any of the well-meaning Secretaries who succeeded him until we come right down to our own time and the name of Joseph Chamberlain.

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#### BIOGRAPHY OF LORD SALISBURY.

Without being at all pretentious the new biography\* of the Imperial Prime Minister is entertaining and well written. Its author has industriously sought in every quarter for material, and he quotes at length an article which appeared in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* some time ago† as being a careful study, from a Canadian standpoint, of the Prime Minister and his policy. Scattered here and there through contemporary writings there is enough to warrant a sketch of the man, but it is curious that an edition of his speeches, so luminous, witty and authoritative as they are, does not exist. Lord Salisbury is approaching the end of his illustrious career, and as the years go on he has steadily grown in

the respect of his own countrymen and foreign nations. His is a career well worth studying, and every book which honestly attempts to outline it is entitled to a hearing.

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#### THE SHOES OF FORTUNE.

The reputation that Neil Munro has won as a writer of Scottish stories, with certain reminiscent touches of Stevenson and Crockett in manner and plot, will not suffer by his latest novel.\* There is romance and adventure in the wanderings of Paul Greig, who fled from Scotland to the Continent to avoid the consequences of a duel, and whose red shoes, the legacy of an uncle, carry him into strange places and stranger company. Naturally, he falls in with other Scottish adventurers who, in the years that followed the last Stuart rising, live abroad for their own and their country's good. The uncle, Andrew Greig, had in his time been a Jacobite and a plotter (which were then near akin), and the red shoes carry Paul, the nephew, into dangers nearly as great as he had fled from, and though a mere pawn in the game which the exiled Young Pretender and his coterie were playing in France, we touch the edge of the conspiracy that was to lead to another invasion of Britain. Paul's connection with the Young Pretender is of the slightest, and there is nothing very striking or impressive in the picture we get of the last of the Stuarts in the days of his misfortunes. By accident Paul learns of the latest plot, and escapes under circumstances almost thrilling to England, where he tells his story to William Pitt, and for reward is allowed to return to Scotland and give himself up for punishment to the law in having shot a man in a duel. He was the only patriot who had brought news to Pitt without asking to be paid. He finds what the impatient reader—good at reading the secrets of fiction—had already divined, that the duel had not been fatal, and

\*The Marquess of Salisbury. By W. Francis Aitkin. London: S. W. Partridge & Co. †March, 1899.

\*The Shoes of Fortune. By Neil Munro. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.



that his jealousy, which caused it, had all been a mistake. He settles down to commonplace domestic happiness and writes the story of his life. There is good stuff in the tale, and if Paul himself is a rather pragmatist young Scot, with a somewhat wooden head, and if Charles Stuart little resembles the broken-down yet dramatic figure we find in Scott's "Redgauntlet," the author has been able to invest his materials with the requisite glamour that commends many a historical novel to our taste.



#### A LIFE OF ROBERTS.

Mr. T. G. Marquis' *Life of Earl Roberts*\* is a fair piece of work. Nor does there seem to be any great reason why a Canadian should not write a perfectly trustworthy and intelligent biography of the man who has risen from cadet to commander-in-chief. The material is almost as accessible to a Canadian as to a Londoner. Besides, a Canadian will view Roberts' career from the Canadian standpoint, and thus be led to emphasize those parts most interesting to people in this country.

Mr. Marquis is judicial in his attitude. He thinks Roberts is a worthy successor of Wellington, though admitting that Roberts has not the intellectual force of the Iron Duke. He characterizes Kipling's poem "Bobs" as belittling the man it is intended to laud. It lays stress on the personal appearance where the will should count. Because of this poem, Mr. Marquis thinks Roberts is debarred from standing beside Wellington, Nelson and Marlborough. Perhaps this is ascribing too much importance to a camp song.

A life of Roberts is necessarily, to a great extent, a history of nineteenth century India. Roberts was born there in 1832. After spending eighteen years in England, he returned to that great Eastern possession in 1852. For forty-

one years he was a leading figure in the great events of that country, leaving it in 1893 amid many expressions of gratitude and love from natives and Europeans. His subsequent career is well known to every reader. His triumphs in South Africa are well described in the closing chapter of the book by Frederick Hamilton, the *Toronto Globe's* war correspondent, who gives his personal reminiscences of the great warrior in vivid and picturesque language.



#### THE READING OF VERSE.

So few people think of buying a book of poems, and yet a poem by Rudyard Kipling attracts great attention. The paradox is explained, perhaps, by saying that few volumes of poetry contain much that interests the general reader. A new volume by a Canadian poet arrives, and before opening it you may guess at once what it contains. There will be a poem on Love, another on April, one on Canada and so through the list. Moreover, you may guess almost exactly as to the style of treatment. Even the covers show a great similarity. For example:

"Poem Miniatures,"\* by Martha Martin, published in Montreal, in 1899, is neatly bound in blue and white. The third poem is April, the fifth Spring's Awakening, the seventh A Snow-Flake, etc. The sentiment is exquisite, the phrasing good, the metrical composition fair, and the volume must have been quite acceptable to Miss Martin's friends.

"Canadian Crystals,"† by Thomas Watson, is a newer volume. It has no poem on April, but it has one on October. Ennobling Love, Honour, Advertise, Since Baby Went Away, Summer Evenings—these are fair samples of the other titles. Then there is Domininn Day 1895, Dominion Day, 1896, Dominion Day, 1897, Dominion, 1899, Dominion Day, 1900,

\* Earl Roberts, by T. G. Marquis. Toronto: The Linscott Publishing Co.

\* Guertin Printing Co., Montreal.

† William Briggs, Toronto.



Dominion Day, 1901—but no explanation why 1898 was missed, or why all the Dominion Days from 1867 to 1895 were unworthy of attention.

"Sunbeams," by Mrs. W. W. Rodd,\* was published in Charlottetown, in 1898. Having been delayed on the road it is late in arriving. The first title is *Bedtime*, the second *Canada*, the third *Easter*, the fourth *Frances E. Willard*—and so on to the end.

Of course, better volumes appear occasionally. "Johnny Courteau" and "The Habitant," by Dr. Drummond, were on a new line and are worthy of all commendation. But even Roberts, Lampman, Campbell, Rand, Miss Machar, Miss Wetherald, Jean Blewett and the others who occupy the front rank, are oftentimes lacking in originality. They cannot break with conventionality, either in choice of subject or style of treatment. They are either lacking in moral courage or inventive power.

Canada is looking for a new poet—one who will translate the life of this ambitious country into soul-stirring song. Our present poets are lagging behind. The prose-writers, journalists, educationists and orators are making progress, while the poets remain stationary. Canada needs a poet who will start a new renaissance; a bold and vigorous singer who will exhilarate us with new wine in new bottles.



#### A DAINTY VOLUME.

It is to be hoped that they are enough art-loving people in Canada to appreciate "The Isle of the Mas-sacre"† and make it a successful book. The author, William Carson Woods, has adapted the Micmac Legend told by Donnacanna to Jacques Cartier in 1835, and recited by J. C. Taché in "Les Soirées Canadiennes." In his version of the legend, Mr. Woods has retained the necessary

spirit and sprightliness. The page decorations and the special pictures by John Innes make the volume unique among Canadian books, and give it a charm all its own. It is a volume to be lovingly preserved.



#### QUEEN VICTORIA VERSE.

Miss Lydia Agnes Edwards, of Truro, has compiled in a well-printed and illustrated volume, the leading poems written by Canadians in memory of Queen Victoria.\* If the volume also contained the poems written by Canadians concerning the Queen in her lifetime, it would have been monumental. However, it is valuable in the form chosen. "The Mother Queen," by Miss Machar, "At Rest," by Cassie Fairbanks, "Our Queen," by May Austin Low, "The Passing of the Queen," by M. H. Bowen—these are among the best of the collection, though all are worthy.



#### THE VOYAGE OF ITHOBAL.

Edwin Arnold's sea-tale in verse† is something strange in the world of modern letters. Nor are its virtues all due to its strangeness. It is a story which may well be accounted worth the telling. Ithobal of Tyre undertakes for "The Pharaoh ruling over Misraim," to make a voyage of discovery around the coasts of Africa. The Egyptian monarch gives him three goodly ships. With these, and under the guiding spirit of his wife Nesta, he makes the long voyage and returns to tell Pharaoh what he has seen. The telling takes seven days, and so the poem is divided into seven parts. The closing scene is described, in part, thus:

" . . . And our Lord Pharaoh laid  
Ithobal's head upon his breast and said :—

\* Tributes of Loyalty and Love from Canadian Hearts. Truro, N.S. : The News Pub. Co.

† The Voyage of Ithobal, by Edwin Arnold. Cloth, 226 pp., illustrated. Toronto : William Briggs.

\* Examiner Office, Charlottetown.

† Toronto : William Briggs.

'Ithobal, son of Magnon, for thy King,  
Lo, thou hast wrought a wondrous famous  
thing,  
Vaster than victories; I name thee chief  
Of all my navies, and I give thee fief  
Of lands along my Nilus, grove and field,  
Such as shall royal wealth and greatness  
yield;  
As many schoenes as on the dreadful sea,  
Thou hast accomplished of leagues for me.'"

And thus was Ithobal rewarded, and Nesta was made Princess and Priestess of Amenru. The great sailor was honoured, even as in later days, Drake, Frobisher and Raleigh were rewarded by a grateful monarch of Great Britain.

Edwin Arnold is a master of blank verse, which Surrey introduced into English poetry, and which Milton adopted for his heroic poems. Arnold's verse is neither so majestic nor so powerful as Milton's, but its simplicity and general excellence make it easy and pleasant reading. In "Ithobal" its form is adapted to the mysticism and other peculiarities of this eastern subject. It may be classed as a mixed epic.



#### CROMWELL.

Cromwell's career has furnished a subject for many biographers and a few novelists. Amelia E. Barr is the latest writer to use him as the hero in a novel. "The Lion's Whelp,"\* is the title she applies to Cromwell and her book. She seems to have great admiration for him, and labels him the Pathfinder of England, extols his simplicity, his courage, his heroism and his magnanimity. The other characters in the book are well drawn, especially the women. The picture of the times seems to be faithfully and thoroughly done and cannot fail to illuminate that period for every careful reader.



#### THE PORTION OF LABOUR.

The work of some novelists indicates that they are paid by the word at

a low rate. Take this sentence from "The Portion of Labour,"\* by Mary E. Wilkins:

"Ellen learned *very* early to form her *own* opinions of character from her *own* intuition, otherwise she would have held her aunt and mother in *somewhat* slighting estimations, and she loved them *both* dearly."

The six words italicized might have been omitted, and the sentence strengthened. She speaks of "inborn prejudices and convictions," "absolutely indifferent," "utmost admiration," "primary and fundamental reasons," "utmost sweetness," and so on until one tires of superlatives. Yet, the story is worthy of some attention. Miss Wilkins gets close to the common people in her studies of life. In this case, she deals with life in a shoe-factory town, its pleasures, sorrows, strikes and social unrest.



#### NOTES.

"Minette: A Story of the First Crusade," by George F. Cram, is an ambitious historical novel by a new author. The writer is clever and painstaking, but his work lacks the fire of genius. It is as good as many historical novels by better known names, and Mr. Cram need not despair. The stairway to success is long and steep. (Chicago: John W. Iliff & Co.)

A London publisher has brought out a volume of Patriotic songs, a fair collection indeed. It opens with the song of the English Bowmen, and gives selections from Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Byron, Tennyson, Swinburne, and a number of the lesser poets. That is England's share. Then come Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, India, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. The whole collection is interesting and a sign of the new Imperialism which must result in placing colonial literature on a par with that produced in the British Isles.

\*Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

\*Toronto: Wm. Briggs.



# IDLE MOMENTS



## A STORY OF LORD ELDON.

OF William and John Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell and Lord Eldon, Lord John Russell used to tell with infinite zest a story which he declared to be highly characteristic of the methods by which they made their fortunes and position. When they were young men at the Bar, having had a stroke of professional luck, they determined to celebrate the occasion by having a dinner at a tavern and going to the play. When it was time to call for the reckoning William Scott dropped a guinea. He and his brother searched for it in vain, and came to the conclusion that it had fallen between the boards of the uncarpeted floor.

"This is a bad job," said William; "we must give up the play."

"Stop a bit," said John; "I know a trick worth two of that," and called the waitress.

"Betty," said he, "we've dropped two guineas. See if you can find them." Betty went down on her hands and knees, and found the one guinea, which had rolled under the fender. "That's a very good girl, Betty," said John Scott, pocketing the coin, "and when you find the other you can keep it for your trouble."

And the prudent brothers went with a light heart to the play and so eventually to the Bench and the Woolsack. —*Selected.*

## THE DUKE'S IMPARTIALITY.

There have been many good stories told of the Duke of Wellington, soldier and statesman. One runs as follows: The Government was contemplating the despatch of an expedition to Burma, with a view to taking Rangoon, and a question arose as to who would be the fittest general to be sent in command of the expedition. The Cabinet sent for the Duke of Wellington and asked his advice. He instantly replied, "Send Lord Combermere."

"But we have always understood that your Grace thought Lord Combermere a fool."

"So he is a fool, and a — fool, but he can take Rangoon."

## AN ABSENT-MINDED STATESMAN.

Lord Salisbury has a reputation for being singularly detached from the world of men and affairs. It has been said that he has never spoken to Mr. Morley; it is also said that poor Mr. Foley, of the Foreign Office, has to submit to be called Mr. Flower, or Mr. Fowler, or anything but Foley. Here is a story that has just come to me. It is typical—I offer no other credential for it.

Lord Salisbury, the Bishop of London, and many others, so runs the story, happened to be in a room with the King. The King said to the Bishop: "Do you know what Lord Salisbury has just said about you? He pointed you out, and asked, 'Who is that young-looking cleric?'"

And then, to save embarrassment of the Bishop, His Majesty, with that invariable geniality which is all his own, added: "But you need not mind that. I just showed him the latest photograph of myself, and, after looking at it some moments in silence, he said pathetically, 'Poor old Buller.'" —*Selected.*

THE STATUS.—"I jes' want a ticket to Coonville."

"Single ticket?"

"No, man! I'se been married fo' de las' nine yeahs!" —*Puck.*

FARES.—Little Boy (to conductor): "Pleathe thir, charge it to A. Thee Hawley. I've thwallowed my money." —*Life.*

AN EARLY START.—Dentist: "When did your teeth first begin to trouble you, sir?"

THE VICTIM: "When I was about one year old." —*Chicago Daily News.*



## ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



### MARVELLOUS DIV- ING FEATS.

**I**N the month of August the city of Rome is empty. The heat is intense, and tourists and wealthy citizens have sought cooler parts. Of course, there are people who remain behind, and among these are many ardent sportsmen. These people must amuse themselves, and since racing and running are too hot, water polo and daring swimming and diving feats are the order of the day. The members of the famous swimming club "Rara Nantes" are great at these, and the embankment of the Tiber, just outside the Porta del Popolo, is the vantage ground from which the most expert members, careering along in mid-air on bicycles, gracefully plunge into the river and swim to shore. Many of the feats performed by the divers in turning back somersaults while plunging from the bridges or the embankment are surprising, and always draw admiring crowds.

### WHY PEOPLE SEE APPARITIONS.

In an interesting paper on "Fairies, Apparitions, Visions and Hallucinations," read by Sir Lauder Brunton recently in England, the author directs attention to the fact that there is considerable variation in the acuteness of the sense of different people, and that apparitions are probably due to an abnormal condition of certain sense organs. *Nature* thus reports the conclusions of the writer: "Some persons perceive blue flames in the fire in winter, and some persons hear the shrieks of bats, whilst others are sensible of neither. In the same way there are people who feel things which



DIVING OFF THE EMBANKMENT AT ROME





A ROMAN WHEELMAN DIVING

others do not feel. Apparitions are probably due to abnormal conditions of the apparatus required for the reception of external impressions. The vessels inside the brain may be capable of contraction, like those outside, and in that case there would be anemia of parts of the brain, and, consequently, affections of vision, hearing, smell and taste. Epilepsy is connected in the minds of psychologists with migraine. In many people migraine is preceded by a vision of zigzags, rather like a procession. A troop of spirits in this form appears in Doré's illustrations to the 'Inferno.' It was suggested as not unlikely that both Dante and Doré suffered from headache of this kind. Stories of fairies might partly be referred to visions as well as to the aboriginal race mentioned by Prof. Rhys. Speaking of Mohammed, Sir Lauder Brunton described his visions, trembling fits and convulsions, and said it was curious to speculate how different might have been the course of the world's history if the prophet had been thoroughly dosed with bromide of potassium.

#### TO UNLOAD PASSENGERS FROM MOVING TRAINS.

Among the patents which have been recently granted in the United States may be mentioned one issued to Mr. John W. Jenkins, New York City, for an interesting system whereby passengers are to be discharged from a train without the necessity of stopping at stations. The characteristic feature of the invention resides in the employment of a number of "saddle cars," which are successively taken up and dropped from the moving train, and through the medium of which passengers

may enter or leave a train without interrupting its movement. — *Scientific American.*

#### HIGH SHOP RENTS.

There is talk of a large office building, on the American plan, being erected in the Strand, London, England. Some idea of the value of buildings in the Strand may be gained from the rents paid for shops in the Hotel Cecil.

There are in all twelve shops and the applications for them have been numerous. £800 and £900 a year will be paid for those of normal size and position, while £1,500 a year is the rent of the shop at the corner of the hotel entrance, which has been taken by the Hamburg-American Steamship Line. These shops are only twelve feet wide, but as much as fifty-six feet deep, and have a frontage both in the Strand and in the courtyard of the hotel.

The same high rate prevails even with the smallest shops.





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## THE MAKING OF PEMMICAN

DRAWN BY S. C. SIMONSKI



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